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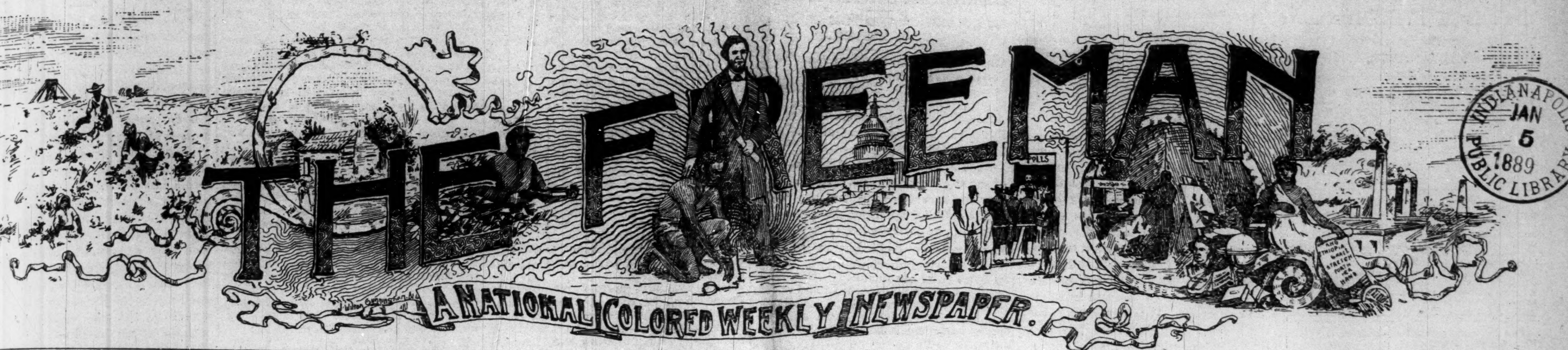

VOLUME I.—NUMBER 22. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EDWIN FLETCHER HORN.

JOURNALIST, TEACHER AND POLITICIAN.

A Remisesence---The Development of a New Leadership---His Career as a Teacher---The Maelstrom of Colored Journalism.

One notable fact has been brought to light by the recent presidential canvass; the number of able young men of color he political field. Men, to whom Gettysburg and Appomatox are but the faint rememberances of early childhood; who were not at the time old enough to understand the shout of joy a million voices gave forth when the immortal proclamation was issued, have stepped to the front and successfully led the hosts of manumitted voters of the Republic.

This is a matter for great rejoicing. Is it Buckle who says that the legislators of one generation show their wisdom in undoing the work of those of the preceding?

Be the sentiment whose it may, it is true. It applies with equal force to the methods of leaders who have to work out the political destiny of a race circumstanced as is the Negro race in America. So long as it had for leaders such men only as have known, nay, have felt the curse of slavery, it was not possible for it to take so liberal and enlightened a view of the situation as the new order of things demands.

For this reason it is that I say the prominent part taken by the young men in the campaign just closed is a matter for rejoicing.

Far be it from me to attempt, even by implication, to disparage the great work the older leaders of the race have done, or to detract from the credit and honor so justly their due. What they have contributed toward making good the Negro's title to American citizenship is no less important to the final result than what the miner deep down in the darkness of the mine contributes to the finished coin. The work which Douglass has performed is a monument which will stand while history endures; his memory is like the statue of Memnon. When the sun of future ages shall fall upon it forth from it will come strains of music that will inspire courage into the hearts of those who champion the cause of the oppressed.

These young and ardent leaders have sprung up in every State. What follows is a brief and imperfect sketch of the life of one of them,--Edwin F. Horn, of Tennessee. Born in this State, but fortunately at a tender age he removed to the freer North. He grew up at Evansville, Ind. His education was received in the schools of that city and at other institutions of learning in the State. He is now and has always been an insatiable reader. The result is that he has collected a fund of information upon which at all times he draws freely and without ostentation. Best of all he has studied men and things. Knowledge of the world, without which mere book learning is like a dead body, or at best a galvanized corpse, breathes through and vivifies what he has gained from schools and reading.

Mr. Horn is a "newspaper man," born not made. At an age when most boys are still at their marbles and kites he put forth his maiden effort as a journalist. In 1878 he successfully published at Evansville "Our Age" and was employed on the daily "Journal," of that city.

A few years later, after he removed to Indianapolis, he, in connection with E. E. Cooper Esq., founded the "Colored World" now known as the "Indinapolis World. He, made with his partners, this paper a success. All, and they are many, who have been drawn into the fatal maelstrom of colored journalism know what it required to escape being engulfed. The "World" still lives and bears the impress of his master hand.

Like many another young colored man highly endowed by nature and of solid acquirements, who has found that the practice of the learned professions is not remunerative, and that the avenues to a business career are closed againt him on account of color. Mr. Horn has spent not a little of energy in the school room. In this calling his success has been marked. The Superintendent of the Evansville schools said of him several years after he had been called to the principalship of one of the Indianapolis schools, that he "could point out every child who had been under Mr. Horn's instruction."

A born journalist Mr. Horn is by every inclination and instinct, a politician as well; years before he reached his majority he was prominent in the local political affairs of Evansville, wielding an influence that was courted by his friends and feared by his opponents. At the age of twenty-one, he was strong enough to be elected in 1880, alternate delegate from the First District in Indiana to the Chicago convention. In 1884 the Republicans of Indiana in convention assembled by acclamation elected him alternate delegate at large to the National Republican Convention. At that time and subsequently he rendered General Harrison valuable services, and still enjoys the confidence of the latter to an extent, to say the least, unequaled by any other young colored man. He has always been a strong advocate of the newly-elecled President, even to his own loss; as I shall shortly show. Till '85 Mr. Horn remained in Indianapolis teaching, editing and working at politics, doing all with a brilliancy that attracted much attention and marked him as a coming man. About that time he resolved to try the south. He went first to Jacksonville, Fla., where he remained but a short time. He was next found in Atlanta. There he became editor of the "Defiance," stamping that paper with his genius for the work. But Georgia with her Colquitts, Grados and Glenns breathing forth bourbonism till the very atmosphere is surcharged with it, was no place for a man of Mr. Horn's make up. The prosperous, progressive, Republican city of Chattanooga was more to his liking. That he did wisely let his career of two years speak.

A stranger with no following and little money, he went heroically to work to win the one and learn the other. Several unsuccessful attempts at colored newspapers had been made in Chattanooga. A squall or two, a kick, and an expiring gasp tell the story of them all. "You will fail" he was warned but with the courage of Francois in Bulwer's Richelieu he determined not to fail. "Justice" was founded and from its first issue till now, it has been recognized as the leading colored newspaper of the State. Temperate in tone, conservative in policy, it has gained for the colored people of this city a consideration for their wants, a recognition of their rights on the part of their white fellow citizens, that were never before accorded. Policemen are less eager than formerly to club colored offenders. Largely through the influence of "Justice" the colored people of Chattanooga can boast of having recently erected the best appointed school building South of Washington.

In politics Mr. Horn's rise though rapid has been sure. In proof of our assertion we append an editorial from the Daily Times, in politics Democratic, of Dec. 16th, which says:

"Edwin F. Horn, editor of Justice, the colored organ of this city, is a candidate for the position of Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia. The place has been held by colored men several years and none of them, in our judgment, were more competent than Mr. Horn. The present incumbent, appointed by Mr. Cleveland, is a bright mulatto, and Washington lawyers and others having business with his office pronounce him a competent and agreeable official, but he is not Mr. Horn's equal in education, appearance or address. Justice, under his management, has been courteous and conservative, not by any means extreme as a patisan. His course for two or three years in Chattanooga has been beneficial to the colored people. He is a native of this State, though he has lived in Indiana, and has proof to show that he stood well as a citizen in his Northern home. He published a paper at Indianapolis and is in friendly terms with the president-elect. If a colored is to have it we would like to see one of our Chattanoogans who is qualified take the place."

He declined the nomination for the legislature and has held no office save that of Secretary of the Hamilton County Executive Committee, but his influence is great. He has the respect and confidence of every Republican white or black in the county, and his advice is asked in all their counsels. He has refused rather than sought office. Only once has he aspired to be honored. He was a candidate for delegate to the recent National Convention. Previously to the meeting of the District convention he had named General Harrson as his choice for President. This action defeated his aspirations in the convention, East Tennessee being divided between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman. Had Mr. Horn been less open in advocating General Harrison's cause he could have been elected. But loyal to his friendship and true to his conviction, by speech and through his paper he kept the name of Harrison before the public. "All's well that end's well." No doubt the President-elect and Mr. Horn are satisfied with the result.

I cannot end this sketch without alluding to one sentiment which seems to be the mainspring of my subject's every public act. It is this: "As a race we should try first to be men; to seek recognition or position by reason of one's color and the colored race as such is entitled to representation he believes to be debasing. Nothing is more abhorrent to his sense of honor as a man. The advice which he gives by word and example may be summed up to this: "Ask no favors because of color: make yourself capable to perform the duties of the position to which you aspire and on the grounds of equal and superior fitness contend for the prize."

Mr. Horn is but in the first flush of vigorous manhood. Richly gifted by nature, well equipped by education, thoroughly disciplined by experience he may be confidently expected to accomplish much for himself and the race with which he identified, wherever his field of labor shall be. Should the incoming administration desire to honor the younger element of the Republican party South, we in the Third Congressional District of Tennessee, (which largely by the intelligent efforts of him and such as he, has recently been wrested from the Democracy), present to their consideration the name of Edwin F. Horn.

F. J. JACKSON,
Chattanooga High School.

EDWIN F. HORN,
Editor *Justice*, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

DARE TO STAND ALONE.

Be bold, be firm, be strong, be true,
And dare to stand alone.
Strike for the right, whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there be none.

Strike for the right, and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm sympathizing hearts
Among the passers by.

Those who have thought, and felt and prayed,
But could not singly dare
The battle's brunt, yet by thy side
Will ever danger share.

--Our Women and Children.

GEORGE LEVY KNOX.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

We do not claim greatness in the common acceptation of the word for the subject of this sketch, He is just a a plain every day American citizen with a dark skin, only possessing more push, energy, industry and more intelligence than the average citizen. At this age and period a colored man must know twice as much as a white man to equal him in the race of life, But how was it twenty four years ago when George Knox was but an overgrown boy on a Southern plantation, seeking through the woods, on a dark night, in the midst of "patterollers" for the light of the Union lines. Such was his boyhood. He was born a slave but came North in 64 and located first at Indianapolis where we secured a helpmeet, moved to Greenfield in this State where he resided until 84 when he removed to this city. He was married to Miss Arvilla Harvey in 1865, and has an interesting family, consisting of two sons and one charming daughter, Nellie. Mr. Knox is by trade a barber, and by industry and application has worked himself up from a "green hand" to the proprietor ship of one of the finest barber shops in America and the finest owned by a colored man. He gives regular employment to fourteen barbers, five porters and several laundrymen, making twenty-two persons all together.

Mr. Knox is one of the solid citizens of Indiana, and is known far and wide, as a prominent and influential member of the M. E. Church, representing this district as a delegate to the late genera conferance held in New York City. He is at present and has been for six consective terms, president of the Douglass Literary Society of Indianapolis, the crack society of the State. Personally he possesses a magnetism that draws friends to him, as the needle is attracted by the load stone, and is as large in the "sweets" of his nature, as he is attractive and striking in physique. Straight as an arrow, with striking breadth of forehead, noble head and flashing eye he is as fine a specimen of physical manhood as the eye generally rests upon. Mr. Knox, has loomed up quite prominently in local and district politics, and in the last legislative convention held in Marion county was the second man in the race for nomination for State legislature. As a public speaker he occupies quite a prominent place amongst the magnates of the rostrum and stump in the State, and is an orator of great force and eloquence. Take him for all and all, Mr. Knox is a fine specimen of his race, and a citizen of integrity, worth, and purpose. Such men as he are the "salt" of their race beacon lights leading upward and onward toward the heights of American citizenship and perfect manhood.

A COLORED CAPTIAN IN PORT.

The Voyage of the Schooner Pear from the Bahamas---Storm and Mutiny.

All the old salts along the coast cocked their weather eyes Friday December 21 when Captain Sanchez, the first colored captain that ever came to this port, made his pretty little schooner, Pear of Orrs Ireland, fast at Pine street wharf. The schooner was all the way from Bahamas and had encountered the two great terrors of the sea–storm and mutiny. She was manned by four sailors, all colored, and left Bemney, a cluster of islands in the Bahamas sixteen days ago for this port, with a cargo of corn, shells, sword-fish and other curiosities of the islands. It was the first trip of the kind the captain ever made, and neither he nor the crew expected to experience so severe a change in the climate.

A THREE CORNERED RACE WAR

And now a new race trouble threatens the South. The laundry work of the city of Charleston has hereto been done by colored women and to many has been their only source of revenue. Within the past week, Chinamen have opened up laundries in almost every section of the city and as they undertake to do their work cheaper than the accustomed rates, they are slowly and surely drawing the trade. The colored women are naturally indignant at the proposal of seeing the bread taken from mouths, and the prospects seem excellent for a race war between the Chinese and Afro-Americans.

THE NEW ELDORADO.

Arkansas is destined to be the great Negro State of the country. The rich lands, the healthy regions, the meagre prejudice compared to some States, and opportunities to acquire wealth, all conspire to make it inviting to the colored man. The colored people now have a better start than in any other State in the Union. Large stores, stately residences, business centres, blacksmiths and carpenters shops; and bar doggeries and large farms are common in the hands of colored men. Besides to see a colored judge, justice of the peace, member of the legislature, clerk of the court, sheriff, policeman and other high functionaries is an ordinary sight. This is the State for colored men who wish to live by their own merits. True, political and busines scullions can eke out an existence here, too, but they do not rank among the first of society.—Bishop H. M. Turner.

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people. It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

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NOW IS THE TIME.

Send fifty cents to The Freeman and receive the numbers which will contain "Colored Men of Letters." "The Colored Prima Domas of America," "Our Literary Women," "The Colored Poets."

The illustrations of The Freeman are more than worth the subscription price. Subscribe for it and learn what the Negro has done and is doing.

THE origin of the bands of White Caps in Ohio is said to have been the depredations of the laborers employed on a new railroad. At first their acts were excused by their acknowledged justice, but finally the society drifted into acts of lawlessness prompted by personal spite. An organization of the White Caps' victims has been formed to regulate their persecutors. They are called Black Caps.

If one-hundreth part of the reports of outrages on the Alaska Indians is true, the perpetrators should be hung, or shot for it. Our civiiization has no warrant, so long as our soldiers and their officers and a chartered company like the Alaska Commercial Company can betray the nations's wards, and drive them into bestial practices, that heathenism never suggested, and has no name for. We are all the more beholden to rescue the wretched Indians because they not only are helpless, but are peaceable and inoffensive. The Aleuts are not of the stock of our red Indians, otherwise there would have been war. The report of the abominable and disgraceful rioting in beastliness comes from Gov. Swineford and is authoritative.

THE introduction of leprosy into the United States must be stopped and the terrible disease stamped out at once, or it will be the most unmanageable of all epidemics that ever visited our land. There is no longer any question of its being communicable. The lepers have invaded British Columbia, and had such free access to the Indians that the whole race of red men is infected. The antagonism to Chinese immigration will be more widespread than ever, and will be based on something besides race prejudice. It would be far better to stop quarantining against yellow fever and small-pox, for while the latter kill more quickly, leprosy devours its victims with a living death. When will our authorities get well aroused to appreciate the danger that is coming upon us?

THE Christmas tree is a recent affair in America. Fifty years ago no such thing was known, except in German families and a few German Catholic countries. But Santa Claus was abroad, and Kris Kringle, and Puritan ideas were softening. The tree soon crept into Protestant Sunday-schools, and Christmas became an accepted holiday. A single dealer in New England last year disposed of 10,000 trees to be decorated, 25,000 yards of evergreen wreathing, and 800 barrels of evergreen spray. The trees range in price from $5 down to 10c, and the poorest, families find means to brighten life with a green winter's holiday. Christmas is a fair rival of Thanksgiving is constituting our two best holidays.

THE French for once have well beaten Bismarck and the Germans. Russia has long found it impossible to convert her debt and float a new loan because the Germans held so large a proportion of her bonds. This enabled Bismarck to constantly keep the ruble depreciated by throwing bonds on the market. Some time ago France secretly began to buy up all offered bonds, and now nearly all the Russian debt is owned at Paris instead of Berlin. When the new Russian 4 per cents were offered the other day the Bourse was the scene of astounding enthusiasm, four times as much was subscribed as was called for. The French have played a sly and sharp game, and the Czar will not forget it. This brings to the front the alliance of Eastern and Western Europe, and explains why there is so much stir in military affairs in the Southeast. Russia at last has the sinews of war, without which horses and men do not avail much.

AT their mayoralty election the ladies of Boston marched to the polls and demonstrated one fact beyond dispute; and that is, that they are quite willing to vote and eager for casting ballots when they have the opportunity. In spite of a heavy rain, there were women at every polling place, and they were there all day, casting in all nearly 20,000 ballots, and working enthusiastically to influence the ballots cast by the men. That they succeeded in this is evident from the change of front of city politics. The power of persuasion most assurdely belongs to the female sex. There is also one more fact already demonstrated, that the effect is to prevent rowdyism and coarseness. This has before been the unanimous report from Wyoming.

IF anything approximating the state of things reported to have occurred at Coteau Rouge, near Montreal, be true, our Canadian neighbors are not wanted in this Union for some time to come. It seems that the diphtheria broke out in a man's family early in the month of December, and he could get no physician to come into his house until four were dead. No neighbor would go near the house, or lend any assistance. The man took the bodies to the cemetery, but the sexton would not bury them, and he was compelled to leave them on the ground—one of them without a coffin and a second in a coffin too small, so that its legs protruded. At last a physician from a neighboring town has volunteered his services. and the family is cared for. It is hard to feel much regret that other families are now suffering. Such barbarism is incredible. It stands in marked contrast to the heroism displayed in Florida during the yellow fever.

The Button Camera.

F. C. Beach in Harper's Magazine.

Perhaps the most successful and ingenious concealed camera is one arranged to be suspended from the neck under the vest, having the miniature lens projected through a button hole in the vest, and constructed so as to match the other buttons. The sensitive plate is circular in form, held in a round, thin light metal case. After an exposure is made the plate is readily rotated forward until a new section is brought behind the lens. A convenient cord depends behind the vest from the releasing mechanism of the shutter. In taking a picture it is only necessary to walk up to within a few feet of the object, then to quickly pull the string; a slight sound or click at once apprises the operator that the picture is taken. Six negatives may be made on one plate, the size of each being about one and a half inches square. From these, enlarged pictures are easily made.

In Germany this camera is styled "The Button Camera." It is becoming very popular there, especially with artists and military officials, and it is reported that as many as three hundred are carried by the Russian police.

They Tempt Thieves.

It may look queer, but it is true, that the stores that have large exhibitions in their show windows do more toward educating young boys to steal than anything else. The reason of this is that large crowds, most women, gather about the windows to look at the displays. Well a young gamin comes along and sees a pocket-book protruding out of a woman's pocket, and the temptation is so great that he sneaks up behind her and steals the wallet. Maybe this is his first time, but when once given a start in this direction there seems to be a kind of infatuation about it which leads him to follow it up, and ofttimes results in his becoming a professional housebreaker.

For four years Mrs. Benjamin Mover of Souderton, Pa., was totally blind. Not long ago she was taken ill, so that she had to stay in bed several days On the fourth day she awoke in the morning and exclaimed: "My God in heaven, I see." Her husband rushed to her bedside and was recognized. Then the other members of the household came in and were recognized. She pointed out different articles of furniture in the room, told different persons what they were wearing, and in different ways proved that she saw. She asked that all her children and grandchildren, twenty-five in all, come to her bedside, and they did. She told them that she had earnestly prayed that she might see them all once before she died, and this was the answer to her prayer. Then she said: "This is the last day that I shall ever have the use of my eyesight." She awoke the next morning as blind as ever and has been so ever since.

A new charade is going the round. It is said to be original with a party of ladies very recently, and is a good one. Nine persons stand in a row in the floor. A tenth comes in clad in a loose robe with long, flowing hair and beard which are white. From his neck is suspended an hour-glass. He bears a scythe, and of course represents Father Time. He approaches those standing in the floor and mows vigorously. Suddenly he drops his scythe and grasps convulsively at his side. The play is done. What does it mean?

Last year our imports from Japan, including raw silk, teas, fans, handkerchiefs, bamboo and the like, amounted to $16,000,000. More than was bought by any other nation.

BARNLIKE BIRTHPLACES.

THE MANGER AND THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Marking the Birthplace of a Savior Sent as a Sacrifice of a Rebellious World.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. Text: Luke ii., 12-13. He said:

At midnight from out of the galleries of the sky a chant broke. To an ordinary observer there was no reason for such a celestial demonstration. A poor man and wife—travelers, Joseph and Mary by name—had lodged in an outhouse of an unimportant village. The supreme hour of solemnity had passed, and upon the pallid forehead and cheek of Mary God had set the dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and Divine significance of motherhood.

But such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had a star been unfixed or had a baton of light marshaled over the hills-winged orchestra. If there had been such brilliant and mighty recognition at an advent in the House of Pharaoh or at an advent in the House of Cæsar, or the House of Hapsburg, or the House of Stuart, we would not so much have ondered, but a barn seems too poor a center for such delicate and archangelic circumference. The stage seems too small for so great an act, the music too grand for such unappreciative auditors, the window of the stable too rude to be serenaded by other worlds.

No, sir. No, madam. It is my joy this morning to tell you what was born that night in the village barn; and as I want to make my discourse accumulative and climacteric, I begin, in the first place, by telling you that that night in the Bethlehem manger was born (1) encouragement for all the poorly started. He had only two friends, they His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle and the coarse joke and banter of the camel-driver. No wonder the mediæva painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of what poverty He rose until to-day He is honored in all Christendom, and sits on the imperial throne in heaven.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel and church and cathedral at this hour? Jesus. For whom could one hundred million souls be marshaled, ready to fight or die? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to heights of renown? And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they can not be more poorly born, or more disadvantageously, than this Christ. Let them look up to His example while they have time and eternity to imitate it.

Do you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barnlike birthplaces? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines; Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in an humble home at Stratford-on-Avon; Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa; Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in a humble home at Westmoreland. Yea, I have to tell you that nine out of ten of the world's deliverers, nine out of ten of the world's Messiahs—the Messiahs of science, the Messiahs of law, the Messiahs of medicine, the Messiahs of poverty, the Messiahs of grand benevolence—were born in want.

I stir your holy ambitions to-day, and I want to tell you, although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent on your side and enlisted in your behalf and the sympathetic heart and almighty arm of One who one Christmas night, about eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

2. Again, I have to tell you that in that village barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindness, or forbearance, or forgiveness, or geniality, or affection, or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was a sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusks, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbidden fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge, and malice and envy and jealousy, and the whole brood of cockatrices.

But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which says: "Bless rather than curse; endure rather than assault;" and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says: "Sheath your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the war ship Constellation, that carried shot and shell, into a grain ship to take food to famishing Ireland; hook your cavalry horses to the plow; use your deadly gunpowder in blasting rocks and in patriotic celebrations; stop your lawsuits; quit writing anonymous letters; extract the sting from your sarcasm; let your wit corruscate, but never burn; drop all the harsh words out of your vocabulary. 'Good will to men.'"

"Oh!" you say, "I can't exercise it; I won't exercise it until they apologize; I won't forgive them until they ask me to forgive them." You are no Christian, then—I say you are no Christian, or you are a very inconsistent Christian. If you forgive not men their trespasses, how can you expect your Heavenly Father to forgive you? Forgive them if they ask your forgiveness, and forgive them anyhow. Shake hands all around. "Good will to men."

Oh, my Lord Jesus, drop that spirit into our hearts this Christmas hour. I tell you what the world wants more than anything else—more helping hands, more sympathetic hearts, more kind words that never die, more disposition to give other people a ride, and to carry the heavy end of the load and give other people the light end, and to ascribe good motives instead of bad and to find our happiness in making others happy. Out of that Bethlehem crib let the bear and the lion eat straw like an ox. "Good will to men." That principle will yet settle all controversies and under it the world will keep on improving until there will be only two antagonists in all the earth, and they will, side by side, take the jubilant sleigh-ride intimated by the prophet when he said: "Holiness shall be on the bells of the horses."

3. Again, I remark that, Christmas night in the village barn, was sympathetic union with other worlds. The only skepticism I have ever had about Christianity was an astronomical skepticism, which said: "Why would God out of the heavens and amid the jupiters and Saturns of the universe have chosen our little bit of a world for the achievements of His only begotten Son when He might have had a vaster scale and vaster worlds?" But my skepticism is all gone as I come to the manger and watch its surroundings. Now I see all the worlds are sisters; and that when one weeps they all weep, and when one sings they all sing.

From that supernatural grouping in the cloud-banks over Bethlehem, and from the especial trains that run down to the scene, I find that our world is beautifully and gloriously and magnificently surrounded.

The meteors are with us, for one of them ran to a point down to the birthplace. The heavens are with us because of the thought of our redemption they roll hosannas out of the midnight sky.

Oh! yes; I do not know but our world may be better surrounded than we sometimes imagine, and when a child is born angels fetch it, and when it dies angels take it, and when an old man bends under the weight of years angels uphold him, and when a heart breaks angels soothe it. Angels in the hospital to take care of the sick. Angels in the cemetry to watch our dead. Angels in the church ready to fly heavenward with the news of repentant souls. Angels above the world. Angels under the world. Angels all around the world. Rub the dust of human imperfection out of our eyes and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels—clouds of angels. Hear David cry out: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand. Even thousands of angels.' But the mightiest angel stood not that night in the clouds over Bethlehem; the mightiest angel that night lay among the cattle—the Angel of the new covenent.

As the clean white linen sent in by some motherly villager was being wrapped around the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled and shouted. Oh! yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers. Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder, at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world, not a friendless planet spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnessed to a manger.

4. Again, I remark that that night born in the village barn was the offender's hope.

Some sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Oh! no. I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the cornelians and the jaspers and the emeralds and the chrysalis before I showed you the Kohinoor—the crown jewel of the ages.

Oh! that jewel had a very poor setting. The cub of bear is born amid the grand old pillars of the forest, the whelp of the lion takes it first step from the jungle of luxuriant left and wild-flower, the kid of goat is born in cavern chandeliered with stalactite and pillared with stalagmite. Christ was born in a bare barn. Yet that nativity was the offender's hope. Over the door of heaven are written these words: "None but the sinless may enter here."

"Oh, horror!" you say, "that shuts us all out." No. Christ came to the world in one door, and He departed through another door. He came through the door of the sepulcher, and His one business was to wash away our sin that one second after we are dead there will be no more sin about us than about the eternal God.

I know that it is putting it strongly, but that is what I understand by full remission. All erased, all washed away, all scoured out, all gone. That undergirding, and overarching, and irradiating, and imparadising possibility for you and for me, and for the whole race, was given on that Christmas night.

Do you wonder we bring flowers to-day to celebrate such an event? Do you wonder that we take the organ and cornet and youthful voice and queenly soloist to celebrate it? Do you wonder that Raphael and Rubens and Titian and Giotto and Ghirlandajo, and all the old German and Italian painters gave the mightiest stroke of the pencil to sketch the Madonna, Mary and her Boy?

Oh! now I see what the manger was. Not so high the gilded, jeweled and embroidered cradle of the Henry's of England, or the Louises of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia. Now I find that the Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall as the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror. Now I find the star of that Christmas night was only the diamond sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of the night was not a complete song, but only the stringing of the instruments for the great chorus of the two worlds, the bass to be carried by the earthly Nations saved, and the soprano by Kingdoms of Glory won.

Oh, heaven, heaven, heaven. I shall meet you there. After all our imperfections are gone, I shall meet you there. I look out to-day, through the mist of years, through the fog that rises from the cold Jordan, through the wide, open door of solid pearl, to that reunion. I expect to see you there as certainly as I see you here. What a time we sha'l have in high converse, talking over sins pardoned and sorrows comforted and battles triumphant.

I am going in. I am going to take all my family with me. I am going to take all my church with me. I am going to take all my friends and neighbors with me. I have so much faith in the manger and cross. I feel sure of it. I am going to coax you in. I am going to push you in. By holy stratagem I am going to surprise you in. Yea, with all the concentrated energy of my nature—physical mental, spiritual and immortal—I am going to compel you to go in. I like you so well I want to spend eternity with you.

Some of your children have already gone. Some time ago I buried one of them, and though people passing along the street and seeing white crape on the door-bell may have said: "It is only a child," yet when the broken hearted father came to solicit my service he said "Come around and comfort us, for though she was only fifteen months old we loved her so much." Ah! it does not take long for a child to get its arms around the parent's whole nature.

What a Christmas morning it will make when those with whom you used to keep the holidays are all around you in heaven! Silver-haired old father young again, and mother who had so many aches and pains and decrepitudes well again, and all your brothers and sisters and the little ones. How glad they will be to see you!

They have been waiting. The last time they saw your face it was covered with tears and distress, and pallid from long watching, and one of them I can imagine to-day, with one hand holding fast the shining gate, and the other hand swung out toward you, saying:

'Steer this way, father, steer straight for me;
Here safe in Heaven I am waiting for thee."

Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincence of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship.

Down at His feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at His feet the four-and-twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

Wonders of the Dead Sea.

Missionary Herald.

One of the most interesting lakes or inland seas in the world is the Dead Sea, which has no visible outlet. It is not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and cattered over with black stones and ragged driftwood, form a fitting frame for the dark, sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow, heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if the smoke of the wicked cities was yet ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley.

It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun as other waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is, no doubt, owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well known, and which we amply verified in the usual way, for, on attempting to swim, we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results, which were a very unctuous skin and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouth a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of the apothecary.

That fish can not live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt is too obvious to need proof; but to say that birds cannot fly over it and live is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who perhaps were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks reposing on the water in apparently good health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one seething cauldron, under more than a tropical sun. God-forsaken and man-forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments as when the fire from heaven devoured the once mighty cities of the plain.

Mexican Delicacy.

Youth's Companion.

Mexicans have a nice, delicate way of saying even unpleasant things. A young Mexican lady, talking with a prisoner in the Penitentiary, politely asked:

"How long do you expect to be away from home?"

A lawyer in Mexico writes, politely, of a certain Senor:

"I have written to Senor —— about the documents, and I am awaiting his reply. He has not answered, although there has been plenty of time. I hear he is in Jail, and that of course, handicaps him to some extent."

Diana Middleton, a negress who died recently near Clifton, Tenn., is believed to have been the oldest person in the world. According to the best accounts she had reached the remarkable age of 126 years. She was kidnaped in Africa and brought to this country before the Revolutionary War. She was at that time a slave in Virginia. Later she was sold into North Carolina, and from there she went to Tennessee. She was freed because of her extreme age before the late war, and had been looked upon for many years as the oldest person in the world. Her face and hands were heavily tattooed, and those tattoo marks lasted till her death. She was said to have been a cannibal in her native country.

Plenty of Food.

Scholar (in Sunday school class to teacher)—Miss Brown, after the flood and when the waters had dried up what had Noah and his family to live on?

Another Scholar—Kin I answer that question, Miss Brown?

Miss Brown, (very much relieved)—Yes, Tommy, I wish you would.

Tommy—Dey lived on fish and game.

MATTERS OF LAW.

The railroad seeking the right to cross another must affirmatively show that it has performed the acts which the statute requires. In this case the petition of appropriation is insufficient because it fails to show an attempt to secure from the company whose road was to be crossed an agreement upon the subject of the points of crossing and the mode of conducting the one line of railroad across the other. A railroad corporation can not acquire the property of a citizen or of another railroad corporation without having first endeavored to secure it by agreement. The petition or instrument of appropriation must, where the attack is a direct one, show the facts upon which the jurisdiction of the court to move in the case depends, and one of these facts is the effort of the corporation seeking title to acquire it by agreement.

A negotible promissory note, executed and payable in New York, in the firm name, by one partner of a firm doing business in that State, without the knowledge or consent of his copartner, and made payable to the firm and subsequently indorsed in blank in the firm name, thence, before maturity, coming into the hands of an endorsee for value and in good faith, is valid and enforceable against the makers, though given in a wagering speculation in cotton futures, unless there is a statute expressly declaring notes growing out of such transactions to be void. In this case the law of New York, where the note was executed and made payable, must be looked to, and it does not so declare.

In proceedings supplementary to exetion, taken under section 315, Revised Statutes, 1881, the inquiry is confined to the property held and owned by the execution defendant in the county at the time of his examination. Hence, an indictment for perjury, which contains no general averment of the materiality of the matters testified to by such defendant, and which does not show the materiality of such matters by the facts averred in the indictment, is bad. Statements in the indictment negativing statements made by the defendant concerning his property or destitution of property previous to the time of his examination, present an immaterial issue.

(1) Unless it affirmatively appears in a complaint to foreclose a mortgage that a defendant claiming an interest in the mortgaged premises is a subsequent purchaser, an averment that the mortgage had been recorded is not essential. If the complainant is silent he must make it appear that he is a subsequent purchaser. (2) A deed or mortgage made in the form prescribed by the law of this State, which purports to have been acknowledged in this State, and is between parties resident in this State, and which contains nothing to indicate a contrary intention, will be presumed to be of land in this State.

Where, in a proceeding before the Board of Commissioners to establish a drain, under the act of 1875 (1 R. S. 1876 p. 428) there was jurisdiction and authority of the law to execute the judgment rendered in such proceeding, the officers assumed to proceed under the judgment, the land owner cannot, after the completion of the work, escape payment of the benefits without tendering or offering to tender the amount, which in equity the contractor should receive.

A defendant who enters into a conspiracy to defraud the creditors of a co-conspirator, and who, pursuant to the purpose of the conspiracy, obtains a judgment, secures a sale under an execution thereon, thereby securing and retaining the avails of property that of right should have gone to the good-faith creditors of the co-conspirator, may be compelled to account for the proceeds of the sale so procured by fraud.

This is a collateral attack, by injuction, upon proceedings establishing a free gravel road and assessing property benefited. In such cases all the presumptions are in favor of the validity of the proceedings assailed. These presumptions are not overcome by the evidence in this case, but enough is shown by the record to protect the proceedings against the attack.

A Township Trustee is not entitled to receive out of any fund more than two dollars for official service during any one day. So when he has been paid $2 for a day's services he is not entitled to $2 more for the same day as overseer of the poor.

Mr. Powderly will issue a circular directed to Knights of Labor, pointing out the necessity for laws making employers liable to employes for loss of life or time through accidents occurring through the negligence or indifference of employers or their agents. He will advise a course of action for every Assembly in the Order throughout all the States. Officers of the Miner's National Trade District also issue an appeal to their members, urging them not to join the American Federation of Labor, but to remain with the Knights of Labor.

Since it has become possible to make whisky from wood, it no longer gives one's words an Hibernian flavor to speak of the rail stuff.

ITEMS FOR THE FARMER.

A new kind of fence is being manufactured and put up on numerous farms in the last three years, says the Rural New Yorker. It is a combination wire and slat fence. The upright pickets, four feet high, are woven in a better manner than kinds similarly made some twenty years ago. There are five double strands each strand or cable made of two galvanized wires twisted several times between each picket, inclosing it tightly. The pickets are previously soaked in a tank of red mineral paint, and the whole fence is made very rapidly by a special automatic machine. The fence is sold at 50 cents per rod. Small machines are owned and used by farmers. If posts are set too far apart, in case of this fencing, it is apt to sag, and this is corrected by a Λ-shaped brace wire. I have also contrived to use this fencing with a bottom board, with a slat set on the upper edge of the board. The slats being only three feet long and costing 40 cents per rod, makes the fence just as cheap as the whole length slat, or as the common board fence of four boards. If posts are set eight feet apart as with board fences, this arrangement is stronger and much better than a board fence. It can be made very substantial with posts 12 feet, or even 16 feet apart in which case the 16-foot board is stayed in the middled by an upright board or stake-post 18 inches or longer, so projected above the upper edge of the board as to hold in place the bottom of the slat fence. Putting one stay-board or stake on each side is the proper way. This is my ideal fence, especially as it combines the necessities of a legal line fence, being safe against injury to stock, making a complete barrier alike against lambs, pigs and small stock as well as horses and cows and animals with jumping habits. It is 4½ feet high and the slats are less than three inches apart. It is very durable, stout, and ornamental. Posts add very much to the cost of a fence and their distance apart makes important differences in that respect.

Parasites which infest the flock are much to be dreaded. The worst is the lung thread-worm, which prevails everywhere and is most destructive to the lambs. The worm is almost always present in the old sheep, which by reason of their greater strength to resist its injurious effects, don't suffer from it very seriously. It is a long thin, white worm, called a thread-worm, (filaria) from its resemblence to a piece of thread, It is found in old sheep, mostly in the intestines, where it subsists upon the mucous secretions, and unless quite numerous gives no apparent indication of its existence; but when in large numbers it produces diarrhoea, coughing and emaciation. The mature worms perish as soon as they have completed their reproductive function, when a large number of eggs are disengaged and pass off with the dung. These eggs are loosened as the droppings in which they are entangled are washed apart, and they adhere to the grass, with which they are taken into the stomachs of other sheep or lambs pasturing upon the herbage; or they are gathered with the hay and with that gain access to their new hosts. Hatching in the stomach, the young worms make their way to the throat and there gather into masses as they couple for the purpose of impregnation. These masses are found in the throat and bronchial tubes and cause intense irritation, preventing perfect respiration and the consequent full aeration and oxidation of the blood. The result is imperfect nutrition, loss of vitality, and weakened blood. The skin and the visible membranes are thus deprived of their proper color and becomes pale and thin, giving rise to the well-known condition known as "pining," or "paperskin," and by veterinarins as "anoemia," or want of blood.

One other evil is foot-rot, which may be easily avoided and the disastrous results which may follow may be readily prevented. The foot of the sheep is peculiarly constructed. The horn grows downwards and when it reaches the sole separates from this, and, like a loose curtain, folds under it, thus affording a lodgement for filth, sand, small stones, or wet mud. The sole is then very soon softened and worn away, exposing the exceedingly tender and sensitive laminæ of the foot and causing intense pain. Sheep, in this condition, go about on their knees, refrain from feeding and are much weakened and disturbed by the suffering. No other animals being so sensitive to misfortunes as sheep, they quickly fall off in condition, and unless relieved, the inflammation spreads to the inner parts of the foot, producing ulceration and virulent suppuration, which ends in malignant and contagious foot-rot.

A sheep that is put in good condition will go through the winter safely under ordinary good care. One that is neglected and suffered to fall off will hardly be restored, and if she is brought through to the spring, the lambs will be lost or the ewe will not have milk enough to nurse them. Exposure to cold rains is especially hurtful, for the soaked fleece chills the loins and the spine, which is the center of the nervous system of the lower part of the body and of the digestive organs. This soaking of the fleece and consequent chill induce the sheep to huddle together for warmth, and the heated, wet wool mats and felts on the sheep's back and so insures the fleece, producing the inextricable entangling of the wool that is known as cotting.

TO PREVENT WINTER KILLING OF WHEAT.

Every spring when the crop reports begin to come in, more or less is heard of winter killed fields of wheat. Whatever tends to prove this, helps to increase the crop and the farmer's profit. The American Agriculturist gives the following upon this subject, which is worthy of trying:

The most effective and beneficial mode of preventing the wheat plant from being injured or destroyed by the freezing and heaving of the soil, is liberal mulching, top dressing with fine manure or compost from the barn yard, or slacked peat from the muck pile, to be evenly spread over the fall sowed wheat field. In autumn, when the ground is sufficiently frozen to bear the wagon wheels, spread just thick enough to have the ground lightly covered, so that when the soil freezes, cracks and heaves, the wheat roots will be covered, protected, and not torn out, but the mulch or compost will fall into the cracks and cover the roots, sheltering them from the effects of the weather. We have several times seen fields which were liable to freezing and heaving, with wheat drilled in, portions of which were top dressed in autumn as above directed, and on which a full crop of plump grain was secured, while on the portion of the fields not mulched, in every instance the crop of wheat was a total failure, not showing straw or grain enough to be worth harvesting. In fact, the grain obtained from the top dressed portions of the fields much more than paid the cost of the operation; besides the incidental benefits of this light mulching as a surface manure, it was a protection to the soil from scorching sun rays of summer, and sheltered the young grass when the grain was cut off. In fact, liberal, frequent, careful top dressing of fall sown grains as well as meadows, is one of the most profitable and reasonable methods for preserving fertility of soils and protecting grains and grasses that farmers can practice, and will be found always profitable.

An Old-Time Remedy.

It is seldom in these days that you hear of a person being leeched or cupped. It is rapidly becoming a lost art. Not a great many years back it was a very important business in connection with a tonsorial establishment. In fact it was almost a profession of its own. Cupping and leeching were very popular among the Germans, and, whether weak or strong, they followed the use. Not a great many years ago an apprentice barber invariably had to become as proficient in the application of the leech as he did in the shaving line. Barbers also did a good deal of tooth jerking, but that part of the business is also no more since dentists are so numerous.

Had Had Lots of Fun.

A man who recently committed suicide in St. Louis left letters in which he said: "I am 62 years old. In eight years I would be 70, an old, dilapidated, tottering fossil. I have played the world out and it don't owe me a cent. I've had more fun than a mule in a cornfield and I've got enough. Therefore I will cheat the course of nature and jump the time to come."

The Irish Question.

Harper's Magazine.

Every prosperous community has "three strings to its bow"—agriculture, manufactures and commerce. Whatever or whoever is to blame for it, all three have gone wrong in Ireland.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh tha can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J CHENNY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDEN, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
E. H. VAN HOESEN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Simplicity and luxury are equally enjoyable.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Lumbago.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1884. Renewed, Jan. 30, 1887. Three years ago had rheumatism in back; lumbago; one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me; have not felt it since. FRANK MONROE, Francisville, Ill.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1885. Renewed, June 10, 1887. Suffered two years ago with acute pains in back; in one hour great relief from St. Jacobs Oil; three applications cured; in the morning pains gone. HORACE E. HOPKINS, New Albany, Indiana.

Cured Permanently. Renewed, May 17, '87. Wife was sorely afflicted with lame back; suffered several years; used innumerable liniments and plasters; used St. Jacobs Oil, was cured by it. A. H. CUNNINGHAM, Perryopolis, Pa.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura
FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

WHAT WOULD A KID COST?

New York World.

"Did God make the baby, pa?"

"Yes, Willie."

"About what does he charge for a kid like Jimmy?"

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.

New York World.

Mother—Clair, we are going to have company for tea; now, be sure and do not ask twice for any thing.

Clair—Then don't forget to help me twice.

HIS NAME WAS MUD.

New York World.

"Ma," said Willie, "is man made of dust?"

"Yes, my son."

"Was that the reason pa said his name was mud when he forgot his umbrella the other night?"

LIMITED POWERS.

Troy Times.

A mother who was correcting her little boy the other day, and appealing to him, asked how he would feel it he had a son who didn't do this and didn't do that and so on. When she had reached the end of the inquiry, he answered: "Well, mamma, if I had a little boy eight years old, I don't think I'd expect the earth of him."

THE BIGGER HALF.

New York Sun.

"Bobby," said his mother, "did you give half of the orange to your little sister?"

"Oh, yes, ma, I gave her more than that," replied Bobby, with a generous air.

"Did you, indeed, Bobby? Why, that was very nice of you."

"Yes, ma, I sucked the juice out and gave her the rest."

Religion in the Colleges.

Harper's Magazine.

The colleges never had so many professing church members in them as at present. A few examples will show this. Yale College in 1795 had but four or five students who were church members; to-day nearly one-half hold such membership. Princeton in 1813 had but two or three openly professing the Christian faith; to-day about one-half, and among them the best scholars. In Williams College 147 out of 248, and in Amherst 233 out of 352, are members of churches. In many other celleges, as proved by Dr. Hodge, from whose carefully prepared tables these figures are taken, the proportions are still more favorable to the prospects of religion.

Some Relationship.

Boston Journal.

"And now little girls," said a Sunday School teacher, "you may tell me about the Epistles." A little girl held up her hand. "Well," said the teacher. "The Epistles," said the little girl—"the Epistles are the wives of the Apostles."

How to Make Money and How Not to Lose It!

"TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN WALL STREET," by Henry Clews, is attracting a great deal of attention and is having a wide sale. All the leaders in the great drama of Speculation, during more than three decades, are faithfully portrayed, from Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, William R. Travers, and George I. Seney, down to that Colossus of egotism, who came with his millions to shear, and remained on the scene, shorn—James R. Keene.

Henry Clews is said to be the most successful and sagacious banker in the world, and his success is due not alone to his intelligence, but to a conservatism that seems as firmly planted in his breast as his integrity. A member of the New York Stock Exchange recently said that Mr. Clews' customers invariably consult him in regard to the purchase and sale of shares, and hence seldom lose, but are invariably on the winning side of the market, whether it goes up or down. Mr. Clews is the barometer of Wall street, and the controller of the largest marginal business in the world, and is backed by many millions.

"Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street" is as entertaining as it is instructive, and is issued by the Irving Publishing Company, N. Y. City, and for sale by all booksellers.

A handsome couple—Two dollars.

There is a cheerful ring in an engaged girl's laughter.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough Cold or Sore Throat. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give immediate relief. *Sold only in Boxes* Price 25 cts.

The world itself is too small for the covetous.

Moxie has crerted the greatest excitement as a beverage, in two years, ever witnessed, from the fact that it brings nervous, exhausted; overworked women to good powers of endurance in a few days; cures the appetite for liquors and tobacco at once, and has recovered a large number of cases of old, helpless paralysis as a food only.

In the matter of fans the Chinese take the palm.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price, 50 cents and $1. Trial size free. At all druggists.

A feather thief was recently arrested in a Southern city. Of course he belongs to the light-fingered gentry.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his B. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Are We to Have Another War?

Some political prophets aver that we shall. Be that as it may, the battle waged by medical science against disease will never cease until we arrive at that utopian epoch when the human family shall cease to be afflicted with bodily ailments. One of the most potent weapons which the armory of medicine furnishes, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is of special utility as a family remedy, as it is adapted to the immediate relief and ultimate cure of those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels which are of commonest occurrence Indigestion, biliousness and constipation are inseparable companions, and these ailments are completely eradicated by the Bitters. But the remedial scope of this superlatively wholesolme and genial medicine takes in also nervous ailments, rheumatism and kidney troubles; its action in these, as in the other complaints, being characterized by unequaled thoroughness.

A dead level—A Kansas graveyard.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the receipt free of charge.

Execrable Spelling.

N. Y. Sun.

The ignorance of some people is invincible. It is seemingly impossible to make the countryman understand the bunco game; the stories of the victims are told each week in the papers which the country folks read, yet when the bunco man cries "Next!" they crowd up, almost quarreling for the honor of being cheated. Another thing that never seems to occur to the countryman—and to many a city man, too, for that matter—is that he can use the newspapers as a spelling book, or get other good from them than news. Two letters reached the Sun yesterday; in one the writer asked for "Webster's Under Bridge Dictionerry;" in the other, the writer said he could "youse" something if he had it. This second man lived in this city.

From the country some time ago came a letter asking, "What was the unforbedient fruit? Why did King slew Able?" And similar letters come almost every day, signed unblushingly "Constant Reader" or "Old Reader." It never seems to occur to the writer that by signing himself so, and at the same time misspelling most atrociously half of his words, he writes himself down largely as an incorrigible sluggard who knows not how to use his opportunities; but he does; whether he knows it or not.

Needed It Badly.

A New Bedford (Mass.) citizen, who lost a $10 bill several months ago, has just received it from the finder, with a note saying: "I needed it very badly at the time, and returned it as soon as I could."

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laureate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of womankind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Gen. Alger gave 500 newsboys each a suit of clothes Jan. 1.

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!!" And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

Even a rugged person may not feel mat-rimonally inclined.

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Put up for a blind—A window-shutter.

Decreasing the Death Rate.

The mortality among Consumptives has been materially decreased of late years by the use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of lime and Soda. Phthisis, Brochitis, Abscess of Lungs, Pneumonia and Throat Afflictions are completely subjugated by a timely use of this excellent pulmonic. Palatable as milk. Sold by all Druggists.

The children's hobby—A wooden horse.

If afflicted with sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggis sell it. 25c.

$93 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 160, Augusta, Maine.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, together with a valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

JOY.

—Take joy home
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow and cherish her;
Then will she come and oft sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrow; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad.

--Jean Ingelow.

Sufferings of the Poor.

New York World.

Says a Washington correspondent: "During the past summer Mrs. James Brown Potter's mother, Mrs. Urquhart, has resided at Dobb's Ferry with her granddaughter, Mrs. Potter's only child, who is now 12 years of age. It would seem from all accounts that extravagance was an inherited trait in the family, as Mrs. Urquhart recently declared that she found her present income ($700 a month) wholly insufficient to live upon in this country, and has, therefore, decided to go abroad." From property in New Orleans Mrs. James Brown Potter has an income of $5,000 a year.

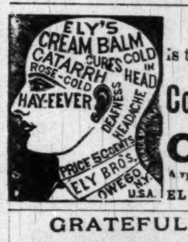
Helpless 40 Days

"For 25 years I have suffered with sciatic rheumatism Last November I was taken worse than ever, and was unable to get out of the house. I was almost helpless for forty days, suffering great agony all the time. In December I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the second bottle I was able to be out and around and attend to business. I took five bottles, and am now so free from rheumatism that only occasionally I feel it slightly on a sudden change of weather. I have great confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES HANNAH, Christie, Clarke Co., Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.



Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for children suffering from Cold in Head, Snuffles or CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS. 56 Warren St. N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our elves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific.

Relief in TEN MINUTES.

WM. GLEGHORN, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the SPECIFIC may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail, postpaid. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, enclosing stamp, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The gentleman on the left took Mercury, Potash and Sarsaparilla Mixtures, which ruined his digestion and gave him mercurial rheumatism. The gentleman on the right took Swift's Specific (S S S.) which forced out the poison, and built him up from the first dose.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

SYKE'S

Sure Cure.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CATARRH

The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a saund and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.

For sale by all Druggists.

ROSS GORDON, Lafayette, Ind, Whole-sale Agent.

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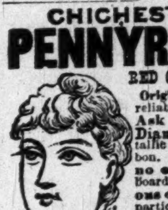
PENNYROYAL PILLS

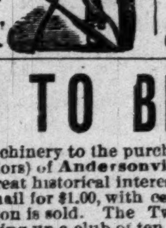
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.



Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper.

Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

Barnes' Foot Power Machinery.



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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

THE VOICE, when hoarse and husky from overstrain or irritation of the vocal organs, is improved and strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, Singers, Actors, and Public Speakers find great relief in the use of this preparation. A specific for throat affections. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough, and is indispensable in every household.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.

FREE

by return mail, full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

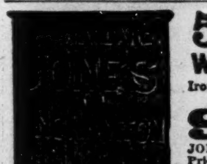
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

ASTHMA CURED

GERMAN ASTHMA CURE

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. NO WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00 of any druggist, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.



5 TON WAGON SCALES,

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box,

$60 and

JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

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We are actively engaged in the prosecution of pension and other war claims, and respectfully solicit correspondence. Eighteen Years' Experience. Collect Officers' Accounts, Horse Claims. Pensions increased. Rejected cases re-opened. 12-page Pamphlet of Pension Laws sent free. Address

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U. S. Claim Agency, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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VERMIFUGE.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

LADIES, LOOK!—A novelty Rug Machine sent by mail for $1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Wholesale price reduced to Agents. New Price List of machines, yarn, patterns, etc., and a book of beautiful colored pattern designs, sent free. Agents Wanted. E. Ross & Co., Toledo, O.

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GOLD live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

INU 1—89 INDPLS

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We recommend this college to our readers. Mention this paper when you write.

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people. It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

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One copy, one year.. $2.40
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EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

THE COMING FEAST.

The following subjects will be treated in early issues of The Freeman, and persons desiring copies of the same should notify us in time:

The Colored Prima Donnas of America (with portraits).

The Religious Colored Press and Some of Its Leaders.

Eminent Colored Barristers.

The Benefactors of the Race (with portraits).

The Negro in the Pulpit (illustrated).

The Colored Journalists and Journalism of America (with portraits).

Our Literary Women. by one of them, (illustrated).

The Negro in Poetry (illustrated).

The Spellbinders, (eight in number).

A Portrait of Miss Phillis Wheatly, the African Poetess.

It will also be replete with racy, entertaining reading matter. The Freeman is the only illustrated colored newspaper published, and its cuts and illustrations are prepared especially for it.

NEGRO CROAKERS.

It is quite exasperating at times, to listen to the vaporings and predictions of certain mentally, dyspeptic people, black and white, who seem to have been borned into the world for the sole purpose, of finding fault with the Negro race. We can occasionally forgive a white man for so doing, but it becomes a great strain upon our charity and generosity to look with indulgence upon Negroes guilty of the same thing. The Negro race of America has never stood still or retrogressed since the first day of deliverance from the curse of human servitude, and the man who cannot see it is blind indeed. But it is a lamenttable fact there are many who do not, or at least pretend so, a great sprinkling of whom are Negroes. You refer to the continually growing volume of aggregated wealth controlled by colored men, they will sneer at your declaration, and claim that "niggers don't own anything." You are proud of the thousands of homes of comfort and elegance owned by the thrifty and industrious members of your race throughout the land, but the "Croaker" is not, or if he designs to make concession it is something like this,—"Oh, yes nice enough when paid for, white man's got a mortgage on everything a nigger owns." You point to the great men and women of your race and delight in extolling and recounting their sterling virtues and noble qualities of character and heart, but the "croaker" says you "make him tired." He never saw anything great or particularly noble about the persons you have mentioned. "He can't make a speech', or she can't write anything original" or his book "is a tissue of falsehoods and misstatements," or a white man edited and complied it for him" or "its a plaigarism etc.," are his usual comments on everything attempted by individual members ot his race. He "don't take colored newspapers for there's nothing in them." Patronize a dry goods, grocery or drug store, owned by a colored man? "Not much, somehow or other I can never get what I want there, they don't keep a good article." Or "he charges me more than a white dealer would, everything he keeps is old and out ot style," are a few of the many complimentary reflections indulged in by the "croaker" upon the efforts of his race. May the shadow of the Negro reviler and belittler of his race, grow less, may he vanish from the earth is our prayer. It becomes no Negro to watch with envy and jealousy the triumphs and victcries of the individual members of his race. Leave the unfair criticism, the withering reflection for a certain class of white men to indulge in, and if anyone beleves that the future that awaits the Negro will not be a merritorius one, let it be a white man man, instead of a Negro.

We must love our race, and have race pride, if we would be esteemed and respected by other races, or wield a force and influence in the commercial marts, or thinking circles of the land. Integrity ability and indurstry are passports to esteem, no matter who possesses them, and the Negro who would sneer at, or belittle their possession by another Negro, comes very near being a despicable wretch.

According to the computation of E. B. Elliott, Actuary of the Treasuary Department, the population of the Union in '90 will be 64,476,000. This will necessitate a new apportionment for members of the House of Representatives, and enlarged numerical constitution of Electoral College. Supposing that Dakota, Washington and Montana territories should be admitted before 1890, this new population would be entitled to a representation in Congress and the Electoral College in 1892, increasing the electoral vote from 401 to 413, making 207 necessary for a choice of President. Still there will not be a change in the balance of power as some political prognosticators have predicted, notably the New York Tribune. Owing to the large gains made in population since 1880, the political strength in Congress and the Electoral College will undergo little change by '92. Maine and Vermont will probably contribute one each of the half dozen or more representatives to be given these States, that is should there be no change in the numerical composition of the House. The other States that may suffer losses the census of 1890 can only determine. It is therefore quite plain that the next struggle for political power between the two great parties will be the "dark and bloody" ground of the past, New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticutt.

With the advent of the New Year should come the resolve to "turn over a new leaf." None of us are perfect and few of us are what we should be or could be. The Freeman suggests that if we talk less and act wiser we will accomplish more. It is now more than twenty years since emancipation and it is time we were getting down to business, and into business. There is no excuse now for the Negro's eternally "hewing wood and drawing water." He should seek admittance to the world of trade and obtain financial gravity. In politics he should have recognition in proportion to his intelligence and numbers. It is not "too soon" any more and don't be put off with such nonsense and twaddle. In religion be consistent and decent. Don't let your churches be turned into political wigwams and your pulpits be desecrated by political harangues. In your dealing be square and honorable, pay your debts, subscribe for The Freeman and you will be happier and wiser before another New Year.

The substancialencouragement which The Freeman has received is beyond our most sanguine expectations. We had hoped that the race would see the need of an illustrated newspaper and our hopes are being realized. The Freeman is published in the interest of the Negro and will be confined to no particular place or locality in the treatment of its newsmatter. It will recognize ability and worth wherever found. It champions the Negro everywhere and at all times. One feature of the illustrations of The Freeman will be to "show up" the damnable discrimations practiced against the colored people. The Freeman hopes to fill a "long felt want." Subscribe for it.

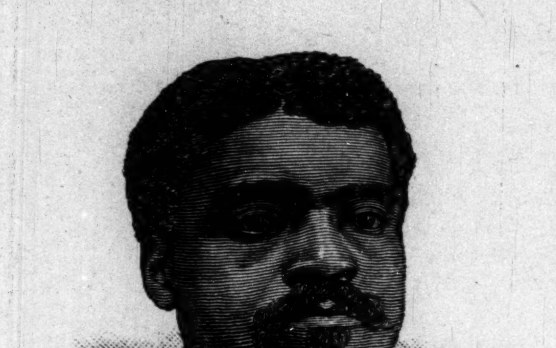
The effort to bring about a union between the Northern and Southern branches of the Presbyterian church is another straw that indicates the broadening tendencies of the age. It is to be hoped from general principles that the union may be effected for a "pull together" is just as desirable in church matters as any other. The church South has always been tainted with "nigerology," and if the two branches ever unite it will be when the Southern members are willing to admit the Negro into the church on an equality with their white brethern. Until this state of things obtain it just as well that they do not unite.

Mr. John L. Sullivan, the "bean eating" gladiator, of Boston, objects to standing up before a Negro. All right, nobody objects, but coming from a man instead of an animal, how silly and purile such an objection would seem. Should Jackson, the black, worst Kilrain in the coming match and Mr. Sullivan still continue to refuse to fight a Negro it might be barely possible the comments upon his action would be of such a nature as to compell him to fight or step out of the ring.

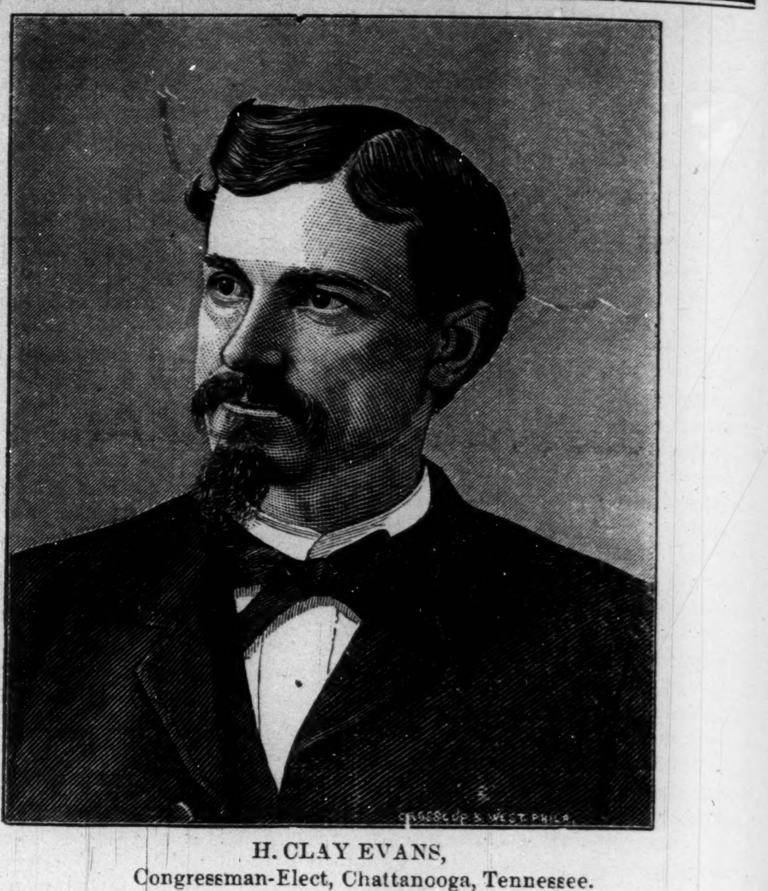
The Philadelphia Record speaks of the President elect as the "Harrisonian Sphinx." Such a comment but indicates the staunchness and backbone of our coming President. The remark attributed to him recently that, "No man shall carry me around in his breeches pocket," whether he uttered it or not is like what his friends, who have known him best and longest, have always thought of him.

"Sonora Antiquities" is the title of a series of "papers" being contributed to the "Nogales Sunday Herald," of Arizona, by Lieut. H. O. Flipper, late of the U. S. A. Lieut. Flipper is a fine scholar and a much traveled man, especially throughout the great west.

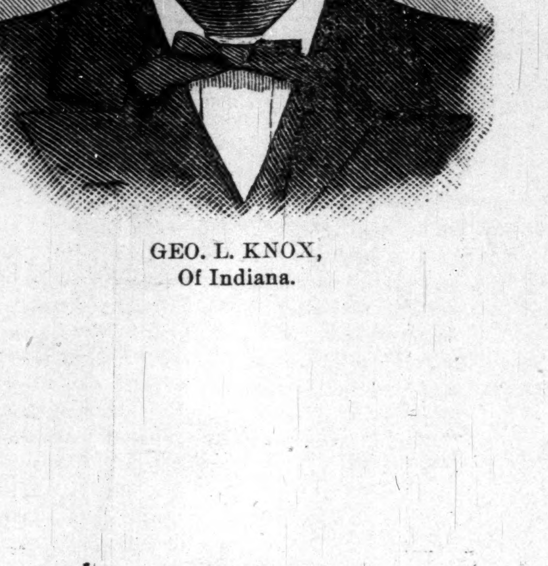
The article on "Our Literary Women" will be continued in our next issue, Among the portraits that will appear, will be those of Mrs. Josephine Tuppin Washington, of Selma, Ala., Miss L. Wilmot Smith, of Louisville, Ky., Miss Phyllis Wheatly, the African poetess and others. The portrait of Miss Wheatly is the only one extant, and is said to a correct "likeness" of her. Persons desiring extra copies of that number should order ahead.



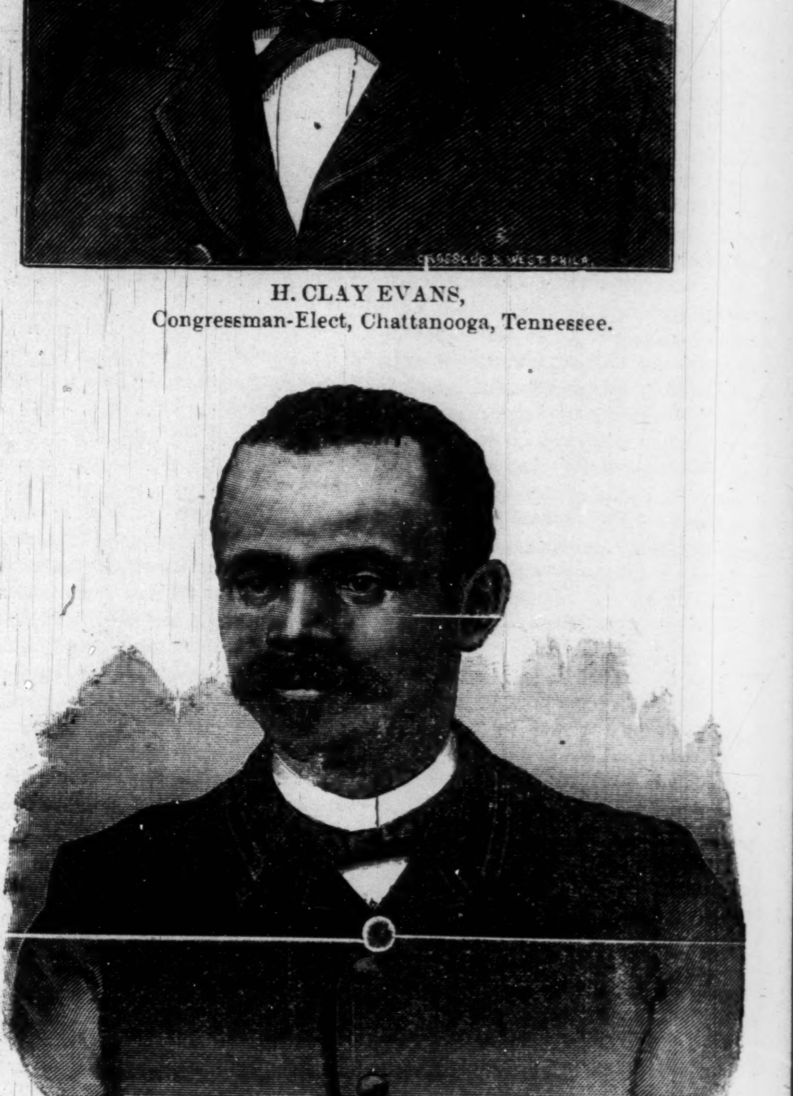
GEO. L. KNOX,
Of Indiana.



H. CLAY EVANS,
Congressman-Elect, Chattanooga, Tennessee.



REV. JAMES M. TOWNSEND,
Ex-Member of Indiana Legislature.



JOHN J. IRVINE,
Clerk of Circuit Court, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Some of our "would be" great race journals have been as silent as mice concerning the appearance of The Freeman as an illustrated colored newspaper. Still they claim to chronicle the news of the race. Isn't the publication of the first illustrated colored newspaper news? Don't be jealous, gentlemen, the fittest will survive and the best man will win every time.

Is marriage a failure? During the past eleven months of the year just ended there were 241 divorces granted in the city of Phildelaphia. What a spectacle of "Love's labor lost."

The queston being purely a commercial one between two governments it would seem that Secretary Bayard is right in hesitating to claim damages from Hayti.

Will somebody ring the chestnut bell on the rumored race riot?—Memphis Scimitar. Support the motion.

Let the Blair educational bill now become a law.

—

Hon. B. K. Bruce declines to become a candidate for cabinet honors.

—

The vodoo doctor is abroad in the land and for real solid influence and popularity with the masses of the colored people, he is without a peer.

—

A colored woman of Atlanta, Ga., is trying to establish an institution in which "Negro children shall be taught to work and be fitted for the service of white people."

—

Jackson the colored pugilist who "mopped the earth" with McCauliffe, the California giant is said to be a very modest man and temperate in his habit. He may yet wear the champion belt.

—

The Augusta Chronicle says we must first be patient with the Negro and second we must protect him. Give the Negro civil rights and a white man's chance, and you will not need to waste your patience and protection on him.

—

There always was and there always will be, we suppose people in this country who are trying to make the Negro emigrate. The latest agitators in this movement are "Doc" Bryant and a few others of St. Louis Mo. The movement like all similar ones will die a bornin.

—

Col. W. A. Pledger, of Georgia is urging that the colored men of the country call upon General Harrison in a body and make a formal demand for recognition etc. As the white delegations have been pouring in from all quarters, it will be seen that the Negro is not a whit behind in this regard.

THE CONTEST IN TENNESSEE

The Third Congressional District of Tennessee is known as the Chattanooga District. It has sixteen counties and a total vote of about 38,000, under the magic influence of Northern men, Northern imigration under the leading development of manufacturers and mines. The Third District has for several years been getting from under the depressing influence of Democratic control. The First and Second District are greatly Republican all other districts in the State are overwhelmingly Democratic. As the Republican vote increased the sod, and the Democracy saw this district getting out of its control the whole machinery of the State was concentrated in the district to maintain its hold. By the assistance of our legislature, territory has been yearly added so that the Chattanooga district is the largest in the State and contains 10,000 more voters than any other district in the State.

In the contest of 1888 the Republicans selected Hon. H. Clay Evans as their candidate for Congress. He is of Northern birth, a prince among our manufactures and has ever been in the lead to develope our various industrial enterprises. The chief industry of the city and district is the making of iron and its manipulation into forms of utility. In this industry H. Clay Evans though a young man is the chief and leading spirit. He, having made the race four years ago, knew his ground and after his nomination went into the work with accustomed vigor. The Young Men's Republican club organized an polled the district. It was safely Democratic. On the votes of the district the managers of the canvass Major A. G. Sharp, C. E. Stanley and E. R. Pierce brought every lever to bear to an intelligent vote.

H. Clay Evans made an extraordinary canvass as a business man not as a tricky politican and orator he impressed his hearers.

Hon. Fred F. Bates the pet of East Tennessee Democracy, a good lawyer a lively politican was his opponent. But the election resulted in the naming of Mr. Evans for Congress by a majority of 288 making a reverse in the election of two years ago of nearly 600 vote.

Our sweeping national victory the election of Mr. Evans, the great majority of over 2,200 in Hamilton county, set Chattanooga ablaze with enthusiasm.

Chagrined and surprised the panic-stricken Democracy sought means to deprive Mr. Evans of his legally elected seat. During the campaign they had sought to corrupt, by money the colored vote, even the society of the church stopped them not in their desire to buy votes. They had much money, all of Northern Georgia, Alabama and the whole of Tennessee opened their purses into our district. But what money failed to obtain, chicanery and fraud was enlisted to gain. When the official vote announced that Mr. Evans had a majoirity of 288 Mr. Bates conceded the election. But in a few days a change came and under instructions from the National Committee a scheme was hatched to reverse the will of the people. For years the district had returned Democrat Congressman hence it was decided to charge Mr. Evans election to fraud. Two election districts were selected. In Meigs county the Eight district gave Mr. Evans 40 majority and in Rhea county the Eight election district gave Mr. Evans 249 majority. If these two districts could be eliminated Mr. Bates would have one majority.

In August Democratic sheriffs had been elected and were not averse to tending a hand. They sent certified election returns to Nashville but influenced by outside pressure they sent "amended" returns upon which was based arguments by the Democracy to induce Governor Taylor to fall into the trap set and give the certificate of election to Mr. Fred. F. Bates.

The Meigs county sheriff said that 21 more votes were cast at the November election than the Democratic canvass showed and that they were citizens of Roane county, out of which Meigs had been constructed. Since these 21 voters had voted in a wrong precinct it was proposed to throw out the legal voters in that election district. The judges of election had decided these were voters of that district. In the Rhea county district the sheriff says he found two more ballots in the box than were shown by the full list made by the clerks. Upon this charge it was sought to disfranchise the vote of 596 other voters in favor of the Democratic candidate. These charges were successfully met by counties affidavits of all the judges and clerks. These subsequent "amended" returns are not the orignal production of the sheriff. Both were written by the same hand sent to the sheriffs by the livly schemes for signatures and were not sent to Nashville until the first and original returns had been entered in the books of the secretary state.

The "amended returns" were the ground work of the contest. Affidavits borne from all parts of the district to the Governor, charging Republican fraud. A half score of colored men were arrested for fraudulent voting in Chatanooga. The partison U. S. Marshel turned loose his whole force. A trap was being set for Governor Taylor. It was imagined that he would be influenced by their efforts to withhold Mr. Evans certificate election but Governor Taylor saw the scheme and in violent terms has denounced the Democracy for perfidy and treachery, though a politician, he has a conscience and a respect for justice and the voice of the people and has decided to give the certificate to A. Clay Evans duly elected on the sworn returns of the officers of the election.

Then our opponents rushed into the courts and obtained a temporary injunction but it will avail naught. Mr. Evans was legally elected and any frauds or irregularities is contained in the scheme of the amended returns. Exasperating as this attempted contest has been, it brings with it compensation. It has given a national reputation to an able and worthy Republican as lives. Our district is now proud to have so efficient, a business man in Washington and his force will be exerted in further developing the industries which have grown up under the beneficent policy of our Government. H. Clay Evans is a ready and forcible talker of good English and will make a mark in Congress that will add fame to our State.

Edwin F. Horn.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Send fifty cents to The Freeman and receive the numbers which will contain "Colored Men of Letters." "The Colored Prima Domas of America," "Our Literary Women," "The Colored Poets."

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In order to know who, where and what our colored artists are. We invite correspondence with them. Write to THE FREEMAN at once. Send specimens of your work.

OUR WOMEN OF LETTERS.

WHAT THE COLORED WOMEN OF AMERICA HAVE DONE AND ARE DOING IN THE FIELD OF LITERATURE.

The Pioneer Workers Among Them--They Touch Not only the Lute, but the Law and Medicine as Well--Reminiscences and Reviews--Points and Portraits.

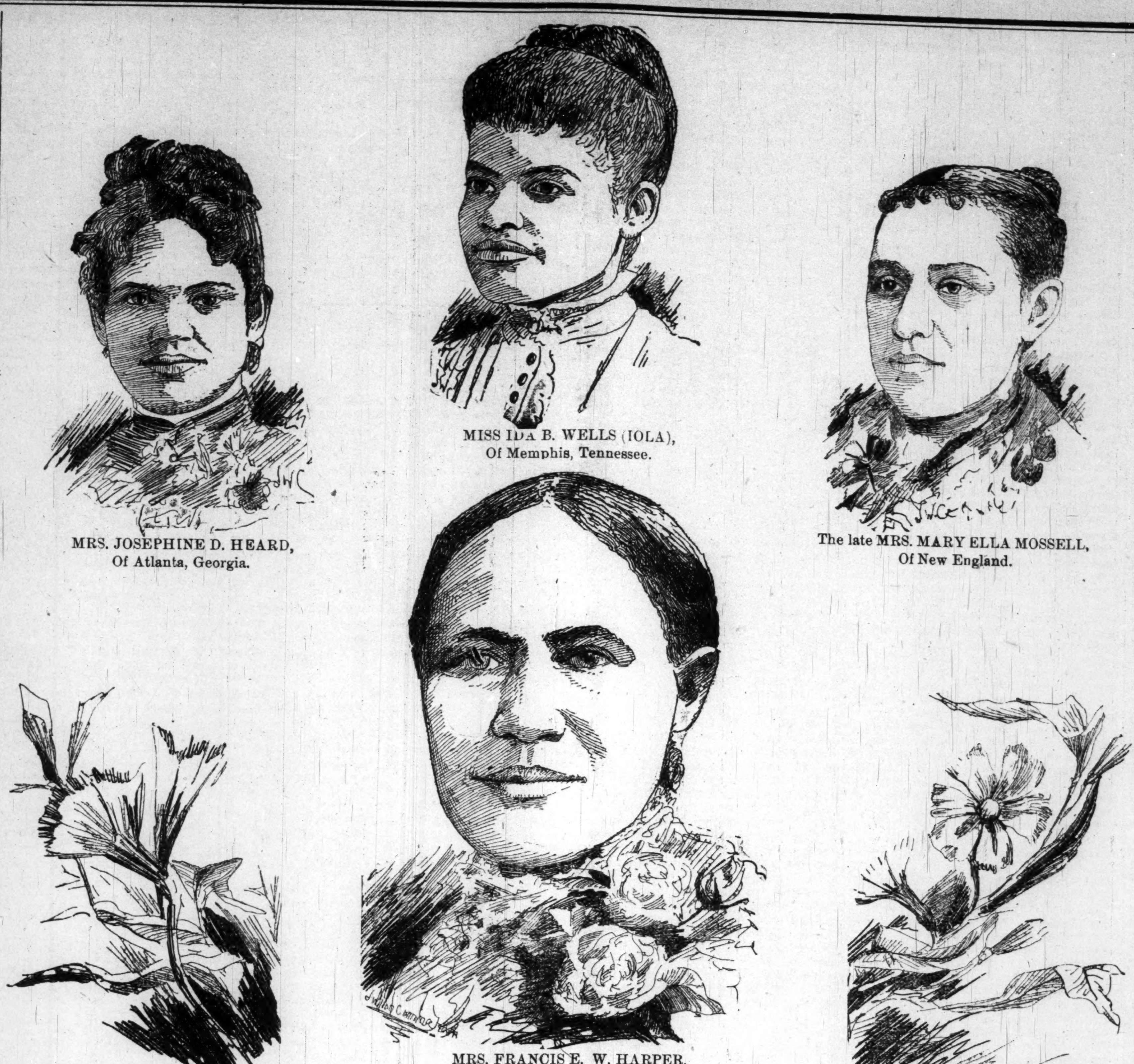
Written expres ly for The Freeman.

Literary work, to be successfully accomplished, requires leisure and a mind at ease. Women, and especially poor women, seldom possess these requisites. They have little time they can call their own, and the cares and trials incidental to the life of the sex, especially among the poor, leave the mind in a continual state of distraction, caused by the desire and necessity of making ends meet. The women of our race have all the trials incident to the lives of other women, and added to these peculiar burdens of their own growing out of their position of the inheritors of the oppression of slavery and its twin sister caste prejudice. Few of them have had time to think or to write out their thoughts, and yet withal there are faint glimmerings here and there along the intellectual horizon of our race that these scorned and oppressed ones have talent and a strong inclination in the line of literary work; this is being proven every day. The A. M. E. Review, Christian Recorder, The Negro, The Alumni Magazine, Our Women and Children, The New York Age, Detroit Plaindealer, and Boston Advocate have been largely the means of bringing the reserve corps of writers into prominence. Their work may show but a day of small things, but it shows also cause for hope for the future. If in so short a time, with so few advantages, so much has been accomplished, what may we not expect in the new era of education and intelligence dawning upon us. We have many women with literary talent fit successors of Phyllis Whealely, our first African hostess in this country.

Perhaps the laurel wreath might be equally divided between Mrs. F. E. W. Harper and Mrs. F. Jackson Coppin. Mrs. Harper is the oldest and therefore pioneer literary worker of our sex in the United States, but Mrs. Coppin, by her unexampled skill and industry, has accomplished a work almost without parallel when surrounded by like discouraging forces.

Mrs. Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, who has just celebrated her 63 birthday in this city, was born in Baltimore. Her parents were free persons, although residents of a slave-holding State. Mrs. Harper is one of the many women who have struggled onward and upward to a useful life, though deprived early of a mother's care. Raised under the careful supervision of her uncle, who took great interest and pride in his talented little niece, she was placed by him at a later date in a cultured Christian family. The family secured the little Frances golden opportunities for improvement which she took advantage of, and becoming sufficiently accomplished at last took charge of a school in Ohio. Later, she removed to Little York, Pa., and there she made her debut as a lecturer. At a later date, becoming enthusiastic in the cause of the slave, she joined the Anti-Slavery workers, lecturing under their auspices. At the time of John Brown's capture, she spent some time at the house of William Still, consoling the widow and affording her aid in her distress. When the slave was emancipated, Mrs. Harper joined the Temperance movement and is still working with the Woman's Christian Temperence Union. Mrs. Harper was married to Fenton Harper, of Ohio. At his death, with one little daughter, she faced the cold world, but by a life of industry, she has earned considerable means, raised her daughter to intelligent womanhood, and had the pleasure of seeing her graduate as a trained elocutionist. Mrs. Harper has written very excellent articles, two of them, "The Dying Bondsman," and "The Democratic Return to Power," in the A. M. E. Review, with many of her earlier poems deserving especial mention and gaining her admittance to the N. Y. Independent The Society for the Advancement of Women, The Women's Congress, and other notable gatherings of the sex have been honored with papers by Mrs. Harper, that were received with great pleasure and widely quoted.

Mrs. Fannie Jackson Coppin, the wife of Rev. Levi Coppin, editor of the A. M. E. Review, gained an enviable reputation as teacher and lecturer when Miss Fanny Jackson. She was born in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Coppin is undoubtedly one of the most successful educators in the United States, without regard to color or sex. She has perhaps the largest number of pupils under her charge of any woman of color in the U. S. She was educated at Newport, R. I., and later took the course at Oberlin, taking upon her young shoulders at an early date the onerous duties of a large school; she has proven a complete success. As a lecturer she has few equals in either race, her latest achievement has been the raising of funds to start an Industrial School for colored children in Philadelphia. She has also a boarding house for pupils from a distance in view, as the next object of her energetic efforts. As a representative of the Ladies' Mite Missionary Society of the A. M. E. Church to the London Missionary gathering, Mrs. Coppin was received with great cordiality in England, and was treated at home with a pleasant surprise in the form of a grand reception at Allen Chapel, Philadelphia.



MRS. JOSEPHINE D. HEARD,
Of Atlanta, Georgia.

MISS IDA B. WELLS (IOLA),
Of Memphis, Tennessee.

The late MRS. MARY ELLA MOSSELL,
Of New England.

MRS. FRANCIS E. W. HARPER,
Of Philadelphia.

THE LITERARY COLORED WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Miss Carrie Bragg, who was a few years ago the editor of the Virginia Lancet, was born in Va., and is at present a teacher in Virginia State Normal and Collegiate Institute. Miss Bragg won our admiration while an editor not only by excellent editorials, but by the patience and equanimity with which she bore with her masculine competitors for editorial honors. They seemed to consider it unparalleled temerity for a woman to enter the literary arena and especially their journalistic field and never tired of perpetrating jokes and witticisms at her expense, but she conquered for herself a place, held her own and gained the respect of all.

Miss Bragg is also quite musical. Miss Lucinda Bragg, her talented sister, favored us with an excelent piece of music of her own composition at the time we occupied the position of editor of the Women's Department of the New York Freeman.

Our first attention was attracted to Miss Wells (Iola) by an article on Christmass published in the New York Freeman. The article showed great originality and force, since that time we have read after the writer with considerable interest and with a hopeful view of her future literary career. Miss Wells has already made her non-de-plume Iola a power, and her articles are much sought after. She writes with a vim and sparkle that holds the attention. One always reads her articles to the end and never casts aside the humblest publication after seeing her signature, until one finds what she has to say. Her life has been spent as a teacher although her own school days were of short duration; being eldest of a family of eight and losing both parents with the yellow fever it became necessary for her to earn her own living and to assist her orphaned brothers and sisters.

So Shaw University parted with one of its most brilliant pupils. Miss Wells is a teacher at Memphis. Her first article of note was written after her ejectment from the cars, and, after contesting the suit in all courts, and being at last defeated in the Supreme Court, she wrote the above mentioned article.

Josephine D. (Henderson) Heard was born in Salisbury, N. C., October 11, 1860. Her parents, Lafayette and Annie Henderson, moved to Charlotte N. C., when she was but one year of age. She was educated in the School of Charlotte, Scotia Seminary, Concord, N. C., and Butham Institute, N. Y. She taught school in North Carolina and Tennessee. She was married to Rev. William H. Heard, of Athens, Ga., in January, 1882. They moved to Atlanta, Ga., in July of the same year, as her husband was in the United State mail services and had been transferred to the Air Line R. P. O., of Georgia. Rev. M. Heard resigned from the Government services in April 1883, and was appointed to the A. M. E. Church, of Aiken; S. C. Mrs. Heard, while at Aiken, taught in the Schofield Normal School. In 1885 her husband was stationed at Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church at Charleston. In this city her literary talent became more developed, and she read a poem on the life of Rev. H. H. Cardozo, which attracted much attention and received many comment. She read a poem before the Annual Conference on the death of Bishop J. A. Shorter, and also one in honor of Hon. Fred Douglass. Her last public effort was at the annual commencement of Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, Ohio. She has contributed to several leading journals and the A. M, E. Church Review.

Miss H. Cordelia Ray of New York, and her sister, Miss Florence Ray, an excellent lawyer, deserve space in this article. These ladies are refined and cultured women, and their writings one of the highest order. Miss Cordelia's beautiful poems adding much to the success of the A. M. E. Review. They have published since their father's (Mr. Charles Ray) death a small volume in his memory, a fitting tribute from two talented daughters to the lovely, useful and sel-sacrificing life of a beloved father. Mrs. Lambert, another contributor to the Review, editor of St. Matthew's Lyceum Journal, and a public school teacher, has won much praise by her beautiful poems and also valuable prose contributions to the Review, and the Plaindealer.

Among German students we have Miss Trazelia Campbell, of Phila. Miss Campbell is an excellent historical teacher and a beautiful player on the harp.

Mrs. Lottie Forter Grimke has written but little of late year, failing health and many cares having prevented active literary work. Mrs. Forten was a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly and other journals some years ago, Several very beautiful poems of this writer were printed in the Alumni Magazine.

Miss Florence Lewis, a teacher in Phila. is a rising star in our literary firmament. Miss Lewis is a contributor to several white journals, and would make an excellent critical writer. She has been an inspiration to other of her literary friends by her sympathy and literary acumen. A good listener, a good suggester, and one always leaves her presence inspired with renewed hope for greater efforts.

Miss Alice Modly, a native of Pa., now a member of the Senior class of the Institute for Colored Youth of Phila., has done some excellent literary work for the Philadelphia Echo during the past year.

Mrs. Mary Ashe Lee, the wife of the editor of the Christian Recorder, author of Tawawa, Afmerica, and other poems, was born in Mobile, Alabama, but was raised in Wilberforce, Ohio, and received her entire literary training at that school. Mrs. Lee is the mother of a growing family, with many cares and little leisure One comes away from her presence with a longing regret that so much beauty of thought an imagery must lie dormant waiting the accepted time of leisure and opportunity.

Mrs. Lee is not a prolific writer, but we consider Afmerica one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems written by our race, and excelled but seldom by the more favored race. Her verses cling to us, twine around our memory, and after seeing and conversing with the author they are still deeper impressd with her personality.

Another writer who deserves honorable mention, although no longer with us, is Mrs. Mary Ella Mossell. Her labors with the pen, her written words and lovely character, as so well and justly eulogized by the Hon. J. M. Langston in a late issue of the Review, She was also an expert needle woman, a vivid descriptive writer and an excellent speaker, with a sweet voice and modest demeanor with which she won her audience to intense interest. A husband, Rev. C. W. Mossell, late Missionary to Hayti, and one little daughter now mourn her loss. The Haytian people, the A. M. E. Church, and the Ladies' Mite Missionary Society were all greatly indebted to her for earnest labors performed in their behalf. Two beautiful pieces of music were composed and published by her while in Hayti, and dedicated to the late President Solomon an excellent portait of the President appearing on the ltst.

Virginia Earle, of New York, Lilian of the Boston Advocate, Anna E. Geary, Mrs. E. E. Buckner, Susan McKenny, Mattie F. Roberts, Ada Newton Harris, Josephine Turpin, Mrs. Newman Coleman, Mrs. Alice Felts, wife of Rev. C. C. Telts, Belle Dorce, Miss H. Rice, the author of the Review on Dr. Sevier G. Cable, that appeared in the last issue of the A. M. E. Review, with a host of other women, doctors, lawyers, ministers, evangelists, teachers, and that uncounted multitude who read and write and hide like the violet from the common sight may be classed among our truly literary women. Some have already by their achievement, made themselves name and fame, and others are stlll struggling upward and onward. We bid them God speed. Doing the best they can, they will not fail to find a measure of success.

MRS. N. A. MOSSELL.

OHIO'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

An excellent school for the mental, moral and manual training of colored youths is located at Bowling Green, O., L. E. House is the principal and is said to fill the requirements of the situation nicely.

In the manual department they are now working in glass under the supervision of Mr. Bonshaw, a skilled workman of Pittsburg. The factory in which the work is done is owned by a company composed of Mr. S. L. Boughton, Pres.; H. A. Newland, Vice Pres.; D. R. Honkey, Treas.; and F. H. Boughton, Sec., and they are manufacturing jars; lamps, etc. There are at present 35 pupils present from different parts of the State. Their success thus far has been gratifying.

Pittsburg is to have a school for colored Catholics.

A Colored Catholic convention be held in Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1889.

Colored People's Day at the Augusta Exposition was not much of a success.

Two young white men married colored girls in Richmond, Ind., the past year. Such cases are more numerous in Ohio.

Miss Bertha Wilson of 213 3d Avenue was appointed assistant State Libarian in the State of Illinois a few days ago by Secretary of State Pearson.

Bishop Leo Hail of the Catholic church is traveling in North Carolina establishing and organizing churches and schools among colored people

A colored dramatic company of Jacksonville, Ill., is playing "Lost in London" to crowded houses in that State. Mrs. L. C. Taylor is the star of the company.

The State Normal and Industrial School at Wilberforce University is in full action; eight young men at the carpenters' bench. Mrs. S. C. Scarborough is at the head of the normal school.

It has been rumored by the friends of Mr. James Bohee, that he is having an unprecedented success in his line of business in Europe. He has contracted to fill an engagement for $20,000 and will endeavor to secure the services of Madame Selika and Mr. S. W. Williams in the spring.

The Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery is arranging to hold a quarter century celebration of freedom in Philadelphia, January 2,1889 On that date twenty-four years of freedom will have been filled up. There have been invited to speak at the meeting General S. C. Armstrong, Rev. J. C. Price, George W. Cable, Frederick Douglass and Principal B. T. Washington.

A. S. Bailey, a colored school teacher at Seney, Ga., has invented a self-coupling car coupler, which has a new feature of being worked from the top of the car by a rod which runs to the top. This feature removes the usual danger of car coupling. Mr. Bailey read of an accident at Rockmart, the cause of which was the custom of stepping between the cars to couple them, and set to work to find a remedy. He seems to have found a simple and effective one, and he had it patented.

THE DIAMOND.

Brown, the colored second baseman, of the Buffalo's is immense, when he lays aside the team uniform. He electrified Broadway recently by appearing in a blue corduroy coat, black and white striped trousers, yellow gloves, patent leather shoes, with light drab gaiters, a slate colored Fedora hat and a gold headed cane.

PERSONAL

Mr. Fred Pelham, of Detroit, Mich., is civil engineer on the Michigan Central railway.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor, ex-minister to Liberia has gone to Atlanta, Ga., where he will practice law.

Miss Roberta Sherman is the first colored teacher appointed to the public schools of Baltimore, Md.

Prof. J. M. Maxwell, of Louisville, Ky., and principal of one its largest public schools is a fine art critic.

Dr. W. C. Crum, a prominent colored physician, of Charleston, S. C., has gone to Washington to attend the conference of Southern Republican leaders.

Lieut. H. O. Flipper, of Arizona, Ter., is contributing some interesting letters to the Nogale's Sunday Herald under the captain of "Sonora Antiquities."

Hon. Fredrick Douglass is a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds we learn. Mr. Douglass held the office under President Arthur and over a year under the present administration.

Miss Mary Burnet, of the Advocate, and Mrs. H. C. Carolina, of the Little Rock Sun, delivered addresses before the "Arkansas Colored Press Convention," which was held in Pine Bluff, recently.

Mr. R. J. Johnson, of Newport, Ky., is the inventor of a new car heater which bids fair to rovolutionize the business. A sketch of the inventor and his invention will appear in an early number of The Freeman.

Edmonia Lewis, in her far-away studio in Italy, is sending her works of art all over the world. She has lately made a statue of St. Charles Borromeo for a gentleman in Brooklyn, and a larger work for the church of St. Charles Borromeo. Miss Lewis' life is one of marked achievements.

Edwin F. Horn, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and whose portrait appears in this number of The Freeman, is a candidate for the position of Recorder of Deeds. Mr. Horn was among the first to mention Harrison's name in connection with the Presidency and we would not be surprised did the mantle fall on his shoulders.

Miss Lucy Wilmot Smith, of the State University, Louisville, Ky., has been requested by the editor of the Journalist, a paper published in New York and devoted to the interests of newspapers, writers, authors, artists and publishers, to write an article on female writers of the Negro Race for the January number, and she is now endeavoring to make that article such as will reflect credit and convince a reading people of the ability of a rising people.—Our Women and Children.

The next issue of The Freeman will contain an excellent cut and sketch of Miss Smith and other literary women oi the race.

THE DRIFT OF SENTIMENT

The Springfield Capital has changed hands. Mr. Turner steps out and Mr. R. O. Lee steps in.

⁂

The date for the meeting of the press convention of colored newspaper men at Washington has been changed to March 5th.

⁂

It is reported that Mr. Robert T. Teamoh, of New London, has secured a position as a reporter on the Boston Daily Globe.

⁂

The Washington Bee makes a special bid to the Baptists to sustain it. Why this Brother Chase? Are you about to embark in to the ministry?

⁂

The Age, our New York contemporary, gives Rev. W. B. Derrick, of that city, several severe whacks in its last issue. The reverend gentlemen probably didn't know it was loaded.

⁂

The much vaunted daily talked of by Free Speech and Headlight, of Memphis, Tenn., has not made its appearance yet. It takes something to conduct a daily newspaper, gentlemen.

⁂

John Mitchell, of the Richmond Planet, has lately invested in a cylinder press for his paper, and it is run by an electric motor. Mr. Mitchell is the youngest colored editor in the country.

⁂

"Our Women and Children," of Louisville, Ky., comes to our sanctum this week brim full of good things Its matter is all choice and carefully culled, and better still is written expressly for it. Dr. Simmons has enlisted the most eminent literary writers of the race into its service, and one need not be surprised at the good things it contains. "Our Women and Children" is one of the most pretentious magazines of the kind published.

FORTUNES REMEDY.

I am still of the opinion that what we need is an organization, efficiently officered which will meet these discriminations and fight them in the courts and out of them in every State in the Union. It takes money and plenty of it to fight for such rights as are denied us. The money needed and the intelligence proper to spend it can only be obtained by active co-operation and effective organization. The forces against us are combining. Shall we remain idle.—T. Thomas Fortune in New York Age.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER 1.

I MEET SIR HENRY CURTIS.

It is a curious thing that at my age—fifty last birthday—I should find myself taking up a pen to try and write a history. I wonder what sort of a history it will be when I have done it, if I ever come to the end of the trip! I have done a good many things in my life, which seems a long one to me, owing to my having begun so young, perhaps. At an age when other boys are at school I was earning my living as a trader in the old Colony. I have been trading, hunting, mining ever since. And yet it is only eight months ago that I made my pile. It is a big pile now I have got it—I don't know how big—but I don't think I would go through the last fifteen or sixteen months again for it; no, not if I knew that I should come out safe in the end pile and all. But then I am a timid man, and don't like violence, and am pretty sick of adventure. I wonder why I am going to write this book; it is not in my line. I am not a literary man, though devoted to the Old Testament and also the "Ingoldsby Legends." Let me try and set down my seasons, just to see if I have any.

First reason: Because Sir Henry Curtis and Captain John Good asked me to.

Second reason: Because I am laid up here at Durban with the pain and trouble in my left leg. Ever since that confounded lion got hold of me I have been liable to it, and its being rather bad just now makes me limp more than ever. There must be some poison in a lion's teeth, otherwise how is it that when your wounds are healed they break out again, generally, mark you, at the same time of the year that you get your mauling?. It is a hard thing that when one has shot sixty-five lions as I have in the course of my life, that the sixty-sixth should chew your leg like a quid of tobacco. It breaks the routine of the thing and putting other considerations aside, I am an orderly man and don't like that. This is by the way.

Third reason: Because I want my boy Harry, who is over there at the hospital in London studying to become a doctor, to have something to amuse him and keep him out of mischief for a week or so. Hospital work must sometimes pall and get rather dull, for even of cutting up dead bodies there must come satiety, and as this history won't be dull, whatever else it may be, it may put a little life into things for a day or two while he is reading it.

Fourth reason and last: Because I am going to tell the strangest story that I know of. It may seem a queer thing to say that, especially considering that there is no woman in it—except Foulata. Stop, though! there is Gagoola, if she was a woman and not a fiend. But she was a hundred at least, and therefore not marriageable, so I don't count her At any rate, I can safely say that there is not a petticoat in the whole history. Well I had better come to the yoke. It's a stiff place, and I feel as though I were bogged up to the axle. But "sutjes, sutjes," as the Boers say (I'm sure I don't know how they spell it), softly does it. A strong team will come through at last, that is if they ain't too poor. You will never do anything with poor oxen. Now to begin.

I, Allan Quatermain, of Durban, Natal, Gentleman, make oath and say—that's how I began my deposition before the magistrate, about poor Khiva's and Ventvogel's sad deaths; but somehow it doesn't seem quite the right way to begin a book. And, besides, am I a gentleman? What is a gentleman? I don't quite know, and yet I have ha to do with niggers—no, I'll scratch that word "niggers" out, for I don't like it. I've known natives who are, and so you'll say, Harry, my boy, before your done with this tale, and I have known mean whites with lots of money and fresh out from home, too, who ain't. Well, at any rate, I was born a gentleman, though I've been nothing but a poor traveling trader and hunter all my life. Whether I have remained so I know not, you must judge of that. Heaven knows I've tried. I've killed many men in my time, but I've never slain wantonly or stained my hand in innocent blood, only in self-defense. The Almighty gave us our lives, and I suppose he meant us to defend them, at least I have always acted on that, and I hope it won't be brought up against me when my clock strikes. There, there, it is a cruel and wicked world, and for a timid man I have been mixed up in a deal of slaughter. I can't tell the rights of it, but at any rate I have never stolen, though I once cheated a Kaffer out of a herd of cattle. But then he had done me a dirty turn, and it has troubled me ever since into the bargain.

Well, it's eighteen months or so ago since I first met Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good, and it was in this way. I had been up elephant hunting beyond Bamamgwato, and had had bad luck. Everything went wrong that trip, and to top up with I got the fever badly. So soon as I was well enough I trekked down to the Diamond Fields, sold such ivory as I had, and also my wagon and oxen, discharging my hunters, and took the post-cart to the Cape. After spending a week in Cape Town, finding that they overcharged me at the hotel, and having seen everything there was to see, including the botanical gardens, which seem to me likely to confer a great benefit on the country, and new Houses of Parliament, which I expect will no nthing of the sort, I determined to go on back to Natal by the "Dunkeld," then lying in the docks waiting for the "Edinburgh Castle" due in from England. I took my berth and went aboard, and that afternoon the Natal passengers from the "Edinburg Castle" transhipped, and we weighed and put out to sea.

Among the passengers who came on board there were two who excited my curiosity. One, a man of about thirty, was one of the biggest-chested and longest-armed men I ever saw. He had yellow hair, a big yellow beard, clear-cut features, and large gray eyes set deep into his head. I never saw a finer-looking man, and somehow he reminded me of an ancient Dane. Not that I know much of ancient Danes, though I remember a modern Dane who did me out of ten pounds; but I remember once seeing a picture of some of those gentry, who, I take it, were a kind of white Zulus. They were drinking out of big horns and their long hair hung down their backs, and as I looked at my friend standing their by the companion-ladder, I thought that if one only let his hair grow a bit, put one of those chain shirts on to those great shoulders of his, and give him a big battle-axe and a horn-mug, he might have sat as a model for that picture. And by the way it is a curious thing, and just shows how the blood will show out, I found out afterward that Sir Henry Curtis, for that was the big man's name, was of Danish blood. He also reminded me of somebody else, but at the time I could not remember who it was.

The other man who stood talking to Sir Henry was short, stout, and dark, and of quite a different cut. I suspected at once that he was a naval officer. I don't know why, but it is difficult to mistake a naval man. I have gone shooting trips with several of them in the course of my life, and they have always been just the best and bravest and nicest fellows I ever met, though given to the use of profane language.

I asked a page or two back, what is a gentlemen? I'll answer it now; a Royal Naval officer is in a general way, though, of course, there may be a black sheep among them here and there. I fancy it is just the wide sea and the breath of God's wind's that washes their hearts and blows the bitterness out of their minds and makes them what men ought to be. Well, to return, I was right again; I found out that he was a naval officer, a lieutenant of thirty-one, who, after seventeen years' service, had been turned out of her majesty's employ with the barren honor of a commander's rank, because it was impossible that he should be promoted. That is what people who serve the Queen have got to expect: to be shot out into the cold world to find a living just when they are beginning to really understand their work, and to get to the prime of life. Well, I suppose they don't mind it, but for my part I had rather earn my bread as a hunter. One's halfpence are as scarce perhaps, but you don't get so many kicks. His name I found out—by referring to the passenger's list—was Good—Captain John Good. He was broad, of medium height, dark, stout, and rather a curious man to look at. He was so very neat and so very clean shaven, and always wore an eye-glass in his right eye. It seemed to grow there, for it had no string, and he never took it out except to wipe it. At first I thought he used to sleep in it, but I afterward found that this was a mistake. He put it in his trousers pocket when he went to bed, together with his false teeth, of which he had two beautiful sets that have often, my own being none of the best, caused me to break the tenth commandment. But I am anticipating.

Soon after we had got under weigh evening closed in, and brought with it very dirty weather. A keen breeze sprung up off land, and a kind of aggravated Scotch mist soon drove everybody from the deck. And as for that "Dunkeld," she is a flat-bottomed punt, and going light as she was, she rolled very heavily. It almost seemed as though she would go right over, but she never did. It was quite impossible to walk about, so I stood near the engines where it was warm, and amused myself with watching the pendulum, which was fixed opposite to me, swinging slowly backward and forward as the vessel rolled, and marking the angle she touched at each lurch.

"That pendulum's wrong; it is not properly weighed," suddenly said a voice at my shoulder, somewhat testily. Looking round I saw the naval officer I had noticed when the passengers came aboard.

"Indeed, now what makes you think so?" I asked,

"Think so. I don't think at all. Why there"—as she righted herself after a roll—"if the ship had really gone to the degree that thing pointed to then she would never have rolled again, that's all. But it is just like these merchant skippers, they always are so confounded careless."

Just then the dinner-bell rung, and I was not sorry, for it is a dreadful thing to have to listen to an officer of the Royal Navy when he gets on that subject. I only know one worse thing, and that is to hear a merchant skipper express his candid opinion of officers of the Royal Navy.

Captain Good and I went down to dinner together, and there we found Sir Henry Curtis already seated. He and Captain Good sat together, and I sat opposite to them. The captain and I soon got into talk about shooting and what not; he asking me many questions, and I answering as well as I could. Presently he got on to elephants.

"Ah, sir," called out somebody who was sitting near me, "you've got to the right man for that; Hunter Quatermain should be able to tell you about elephants if anybody can."

Sir Henry, who had been sitting quite quiet listening to our talk, started visibly.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, leaning forward across the table, and speaking in very low, deep voice, a very suitable voice it seemed to me, to come out of those great lungs. "Excuse me, sir, but is your name Allen Quatermain?"

It said it was.

The big man made no further remark, but I heard him mutter "fortunate" to his beard.

Presently dinner came to an end, and as we were leaving the saloon Sir Henry came up and asked me if I would come into his cabin and smoke a pipe. I accepted and he led the way to the "Dunkeld" deck cabin, and a very good cabin it was. It had been two cabins, but when Sir Garnet or one of those big swells went down the coast in the "Dunkeld," they had knocked away the partition and never put it up again. There was a sofa in the cabin, and a little table in front of it. Sir Henry sent the steward for a bottle of whiskey; and lit the lamp, "the year before last about this time you were, I believe, at a place called Bamangwato, to the north of Transvaal."

"I was," I answered, rather surprised that this gentleman should be so well acquainted with my movements, which were not, so far as I was aware, considered of general interest.

"You were trading there, were you not?" put in Good, in his quick way.

"I was. I took up a wagon-load of goods, and made a camp outside the settlement, and stopped till I had sold them."

Sir Henry was sitting opposite to me in a Madeira chair, his arms leaning on the table. He new looked up, fixing his large gray eyes full upon my face. There was a curious anxiety in them, I thought.

"Did you happen to meet a man called Neville there?

"Oh, yes; he outspanned alongside of me for a fortnight to rest his oxen before going on to the interior. I had a letter from a lawyer a few months back asking me if I knew what had become of him, which I answered to the best of my ability at the time..'

"Yes," said Sir Henry, "your letter was forwarded to me. You said in it that the gentleman called Neville left Bamangwato in the beginning of May in a wagon with a driver, a voorlooper, and a Kafir hunter called Jim, announcing his intention of trekking if possible as far as Inyati, the extreme trading post in the Matabele country, where he would sell his wagon and proceed on foot. You also said that he did sell his wagon, for six months afterward you saw the wagon in the possession of a Portuguese trader, who told you that he had bought it at Inyati from a white man whose name he had forgotten, and that the white man with a native servant had started off for the interior on a shooting trip, he believed."

"Yes."

Then came a pause.

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, suddenly, "I suppose you know or can guess nothing more of the reasons of my--of Mr. Neville's journey to the northward, or as to what point that journey was directed?"

"I heard something," I answered and stopped. The subject was one which I did not care to discuss.

Sir Henry and Captain Good looked at each other, and Captain Good nodded.

"Mr. Quatermain," said the former, "I am going to tell you a story, and ask your advice, and perhaps your assistance. The agent who forwarded me your letter told me that I might implicitly rely upon it, as you were," he said, "well known and universally respected in Natal, and especially noted for your discretion."

I bowed and drunk some whisky and water to hide my confusion, for I am a modest man—and Sir Henry went on.

"Mr. Neville was my brother."

"Oh," I said, starting, for now I knew who Sir Henry had reminded me of when I first saw him. His brother was a much smaller man and had a dark beard, but now I thought of it, he possessed eyes of the same shade of gray and with the same keen look in them, and the features too were not unlike.

"He was," went on Sir Henry, "my only and younger brother, and till five years ago I do not suppose we were ever a month away from each other. But just about five years ago a misfortune befell us, as sometimes does happen in families. We had quarreled bitterly, and I behaved very unjustly to my brother in my anger." Here Captain Good nodded his head vigorously to him self. The ship gave a big roll just then, so that the looking-glass, which was fixed opposite us to starboard, was for a moment nearly over our heads, and as I was sitting with my hands in my pockets and staring upward, I could see him nodding like anything.

"As I dare say you know," went on Sir Henry, "if a man dies intestate, and has no property but land, real property it is called in England, it all descends to his eldest son. It so happened that just at the time when we quarreled our father died intestate. He had put off making his will until it was to late. The result was that my brother, who had not been brought up to any profession, was left without a penny. Of course it would have been my duty to provide for him, but at the time the quarrel between us was so bitter that I did not—to my shame I say it (and he sighed, deeply) offer to do anything, but I waited for him to make advances, and he made none. I am sorry to trouble you with this Mr. Quatermain, but I must make things clear, eh, Good?"

"Quite so, quite so," said the captain. "Mr. Quatermain will, I am sure, keep this history to himself."

"Of course," said I, "for I rather pride myself on my discretion."

"Well," went on Sir Henry, "my brother had a few hundred pounds to account at the time, and without saying anything to me he drew out this paltry sum, and, having adopted the name of Neville, started off for South Africa in the wild hope of making a fortune. This I heard afterward. Some three years passed, and I heard nothing of my brother, though I wrote several times. Doubtless the letters never reached him. But as time went on I grew more and more troubled about him. I found out, Mr. Quatermain, that blood is thicker than water."

"That's true," said I, thinking of my boy Harry.

"I found out, Mr. Quatermain, that I would have given half my fortune to know that my brother George, the only relation I have, was safe and well, and that I should see him again."

"But you never did, Curtis," jerked out Captain Good, glancing at the big man's face.

"Well, Mr. Quatermain, as time went on, I became more and more anxious to find out if my brother was alive or dead, and if alive to get him home again. I set inquireis on foot, and your letter was one of the results. So far as it went it was satisfactory, for it showed that till lately George was alive, but it did not go far enough. So, to cut a long story short, I made up my mind to come out and look for him myself, and Captain Good was so kind as to come with me."

"Yes," said the captain; "nothing else to do, you see. Turned out by my Lords of the Admiralty to starve on half pay. And now perhaps, sir, you will tell us what you know or have heard of the gentleman called Neville."

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND OF SOLOMON'S MINES.

"What was it that you heard about my brother's journey at Bamangwato?" said Sir Henry, as I paused to fill my pipe before answering Captain Good.

"I heard this," I answered, "and I have never mentioned it to a soul till to-day. I heard that he was starting for Solomon's Mines."

"Solomon's Mines!" ejaculated both my hearers at once, "Where are they?"

"I don't know," I said. "I know where they are said to be. I once saw the peaks of the mountains that border them, but there was a hundred and thirty miles of desert between me and them, and I am not aware that any white man ever got across it save one. But perhaps the best thing I can do is to tell you the legend of Solomon's Mines as I know it, you passing your word not to reveal anything I tell you without my permission. Do you agree to that? I have my reasons for asking it."

Sir Henry nodded, and Captain Good replied, "Certainly, certainly."

"Well," I began, "as you may guess, in a general way, elephant hunters are a rough set of men, and don't trouble themselves with much beyond the facts of life and the ways of Kafirs. But here and there you meet a man who takes the trouble to collect traditions from the natives, and tries to make out a little piece of the history of this dark land. It was such a man as this who first told me the legend of Solomon's Mines, now a matter of nearly thirty years ago. It was when I was on my first elephant hunt in the Matabele country. His name was Evans, and he was killed next year, poor fellow, by a wounded buffalo, and lies buried near Zambesi Falls. I was telling Evans one night, I remember, of some wonderful workings I had found whilst hunting koodoo and eland in what is now the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal. I see they have come across these workings again lately in prospecting for gold, but I knew of them years ago. There is a great wide wagon road cut out of the solid rock, and leading to the mouth of the working or gallery. Inside the mouth of this gallery are stacks of gold quartz piled up ready for crushing, which shows that the workers, whoever they were, must have left in a hurry, and about twenty paces in the gallery is built across, and a beautiful bit of masonry it is.

"'Ay,' said Evans, 'but I will tell you a queerer thing than that;' and he went on to tell me how he had found in the far interior a ruined city, which he believed to be the Ophir of the Bible, and, by the way, other more learned men have said the same long since poor Evans's time I was, I remember, listening open eared to all these wonders, for I was young at the time, and this story of an ancient civilization and of the treasure which those old Jewish or Phœnician adventurers used to extract from a country long since lapsed into the darkest barbarism took a great hold upon my imagination, when suddenly he said to me, "Lad, did you ever hear of the Suliman Mountains up to the northwest of the Mashukulumbwe country?" I told him I never had. "Ah, well," he said, "that was where Solomon really had his mines, his diamond mines, I mean."

"'How do you know that?' I asked.

"'Know it, why, what is "Suliman" but a corruption of Solomon? and, besides, an old Isanusi (witch doctor) up in the Manica country told me all about it. She said that the people who lived across those mountains were a branch of the Zulus, speaking a dialect of Zulu, but finer and bigger men even; that there lived among them great wizards, who had learned their art from white men when "all the world was dark," and who had the secret of a wonderful mine of "bright stones."'

"Well, I laughed at this story at the time, though it interested me, for the diamond fields were not discovered then, and poor Evans went off and got killed, and for twenty years I never thought any more of the matter. But just twenty years afterward—and that is a long time, gentlemen; an elephant hunter does not often live twenty years at his business—I heard something more definite about Suliman's Mountains and the country which lies beyond it. I was up beyond the Manica country at a place called Sitanda's Kraal, and a miserable place it was, for one could get nothing to eat there, and there was but little game about. I had an attack of fever, and was in a bad way generally, when one day a Portugee arrived with a single companion—a half breed. Now I know your Delagoa Portugee well. There is no greater devil unhung in a general way, battening as he does upon human agony and flesh in the shape of slaves. But this was quite a different type of man to the low fellows I had been accustomed to meet; he reminded me more of the polite dons I had read about. He was tall and thin, with large dark eyes and curling mustachois. We talked together a little while, for he could speak broken English, and I understood a little Portugee, and he told me that his name was Jose Silvestree, and that he had a place near Delagoa Bay; and when he went on next day with his half-breed companion, he said, 'Good-bye,' taking off his hat quite in the old, old style. 'Good-bye senor,' he said;' 'if ever we meet again I shall be the richest man in the world, and I will remember you.' I laughed a little—I was too weak to laugh much—and watched him strike out for the great desert to the west, wondering if he was mad, or what he thought he was going to find there.

"A week passed, I got over the fever. One evening I was sitting on the ground in front of the little tent I had with me, chewing the last leg of a miserable fowl I had bought from a native for a bit of cloth worth twenty fowls, and staring at the hot red sun sinking down into the desert, when suddenly I saw a figure, apparently that of a European, for it wore a coat, on the slope of the rising ground opposite to me, about three hundred yards away. The figure crept along on its hands and knees, then it got up and staggered along a few yards on its legs, only to fall and crawl along again. Seeing that it was somebody in distress, I sent one of my hunters to help him and presently he arrived, and who do you suppose it turned out to be?

"Jose Silvestre, of course." said Captain Good.

"Yes, Jose Silvestre, or rather his skeleton and a little skin. His face was a bright yellow with the bilious fever, and his large, dark eyes stood nearly out of his head, for all his flesh had gone. There was nothing but yellow parchmant-like skin, with hair and the gaunt bones sticking up beneath.

"'Water! for the sake of Christ, water!' he moaned. I saw that his lips were cracked, and his tongue, which protruded between them, swollen and blackish.

"I gave him water with a little milk in it, and he drank it in great gulps, two quarts or more, without stopping. I would not let him have any more. Then the fever took him again, and he fell down and began to rave about Suliman's Mountains, and the diamond's and the desert. I took him into the tent and did what I could for him, which was little enough; but I saw how it must end. About eleven o'clock he got quieter, and I lay down for a little rest and went to sleep. At dawn I woke again, and I saw him in the half light sitting up, a strange, gaunt form, and gazing out toward the desert. Presently the first rays of the sun shot right across the wide plain before us till it reached the far away crest of one the tallest of of the Suliman Mountains more than a hundred miles away.

"'There it is!' cried the dying man in Portuguese, stretching out his long thin arm, 'but I shall never reach it, never. No one will ever reach it

'Suddenly he paused and seemed to take a resolution. 'Friend,' he said, turning toward me, 'are you there? My eyes grow dark.'

"Yes,' I said; 'yes, lie down now and rest.'

"'Ay,' he answered, 'I shall rest soon, I have time to rest—all eternity. Listen I am dying! You have been good to me. I will give you the paper. Perhaps you can get there if you can live through the desert, which has killed my poor servant and me.'

"'Then he groped in his shirt and brought out what I thought was a Boer tobacco pouch of the skin of the Swart-vet-pens (sable antelope). It was fastened with a little strip of hide, what we call a rimpi, and this he tried to untie, but could not. He handed it to me. 'Untie it,' he said. I did so, and extracted a bit of torn yellow linen on which something was written in rusty letters. Inside was a paper.

"Then he went on feebly, for he was growing weak: 'The paper has it all, that is on the rag. It took me years to read. Listen: My ancestor, a political refuge from Lisbon, and one of the first Portuguese who landed on these shores, wrote that when he was dying on those mountains which no white foot ever pressed before or since. His name was Jose da Silvestra, and he lived three hundred years ago. His slave, who waited for him on this side the mountains, found him dead, and brought the writings home to Delagoa. It has been in the family ever since, but none have cared to read it till at last I did. And I have lost my life over it, but another may succeed and become the richest man in the world. Only give it to no one; go yourself!' Then he began to wander again, and in an hour all was over.

"God rest him! he died very quietly, and I buried him deep with big boulders on his breast; so I do not think the jackals can have dug him up. And then I came away."

"Ay, but the document," said Sir Henry, in a tone of deep interest.

"Yes the document; what was in it?" added the captain

"Well, gentlemen, if you like I will tell you. I have never showed it to anybody except my dear wife, who is dead, and she thought it was all nonsense, and a drunken old Portuguese trader who translated it for me, and had forgotten all about it next morning. The original rag is at my home in Durban, together with poor Don Joe's translation, but I have the English rendering in my pocket-book, and a fac-simile of the map, if it can be called a map. Here it is."

"I, Jose da Silvestra, who am now dying of hunger in the cave where no snow is on the north side of the nipple of the southernmost of the two mountains I have named Sheba's Breasts, write this in the year 1590 with a cleft bone upon a remnant of my raiment, my blood being the ink. If my slave should find it when he comes, and should bring it to Delagoa, let my friend (name illegible) bring the matter to the knowledge of the king, that he may send an army which, if they live through the desert and the mountains, and can overcome the brave Kukuanes and their devilish arts, to which end many priests should be brought, will make him the richest king since Solomon. With my own eyes I have seen the countless diamonds stored in Solomon's treasure chamber behind the white Death: but through the treachery of Gagool the witch finder I might bring nought away except my life. Let him who comes follow the map, and climb the snow of Sheba's left breast till he comes to the nipple, on the north side of which is the great road Solomon made, from whence three days' journey to the King's Place. Let him kill Gagool. Pray for my soul. Farewell.

'Jose da Sylvestra."

When I had finished reading the above and shown the copy of the map, drawn by the dying hand of the old Don with his blood for ink, there followed a silence of astonishment.

"Well," said Captain Good, "I have been round the world twice, and put in at most ports, but may I be hung if I ever heard a yarn like that out of a story book, or in it either, for the matter of that."

"It's a queer story Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry. "I suppose you are not hoaxing us? It is, I know, sometimes thought allowable to take a green-horn in."

"If you think that, Sir Henry," I said, much put out, and pocketing ing my paper, for I do not like to be thought one of those silly fellows who considers it witty to tell lies, and who are forever boasting to new-comers of extraordinary hunting adventures which never happened "why that ends the matter," and I rose to go.

Sir Henry laid his large hand upon my shoulder. "Sit down, Mr. Quatermain," he said, "I beg your pardon; I see very well you do not wish to deceive us, but the story sounded so extraordinary that I can hardly believe it."

'You shall see the original map and writing when we reached Durban," I said, somewhat mollified, for really when I came to consider the matter it was scarcely wonderful that he should doubt my good faith. "But I have not told you about your brother. I knew the man Jim who was with him. He was Bechuana by birth, a good hunter, and for a native a very clever man. The morning Mr. Neville was starting I saw Jim standing by my wagon and cutting up tobacco on the disselboom.

"'Jim' said I 'where are you off to this trip? Is it elephants?'

"'No, Baas.' he answered, 'we are after something worth more than ivory.'

"'And what might that be?' I said, for I was curious. 'Is it gold?'

"'No, Baas, something worth more than gold,' and he grinned.

"I did not ask any more questions, for I did not like to lower my dignity by seeming curious, but I was puzzled. Presently Jim finished cutting his tobacco.

"'Baas' said he.

"I took no notice.

"'Baas,' said he again.

"'Eh, boy, what is it?' sa d I.

"'Baas, we are going after diamonds.'

"'Diamonds! why, then, you are going in the wrong direction; you should head for the Fields.'

"'Baas, have you heard of Suliman's Berg?' (Solomon's Mountains).

"'Ay!'

"'Have you ever heard of diamonds there?'

"'I have heard a foolish story, Jim.'

"'It is no story, Baas. I once knew a woman who came from there, and got to Natal with her child, she told me—she is dead now.'

"'Your master will feed the aasvogels (vultures) Jim, if he tries to reach Suliman's country, and so will you if they can get any pickings off your worthless carcass,' said I.

He grinned. 'Mayhap; Baas. Man must die; I'd rather like to try a new country myself; the elephants are getting worked out about here.'

"'Ah! my boy,' I said 'you wait till the "pale old man" (death) gets a grip of your yellow throat, and then we'll hear what sort of a tune you sing.'

"Half an hour after that I saw Mr. Neville's wagon move off. Presently Jim came running back. "Good-bye Baas,' he said 'I didn't like to start without bidding you good-bye, for I dare say you are right, and we shall never come back again.'

"'Is your master really going to Suliman's Berg, Jim, or are you lying?'

"'No,' says he, 'he is going. He told me he was bound to make his fortune somehow, or try to do so; he might as well try the diamonds'

"'Oh!" said I; 'wait a bit, Jim; will you take a note to your master, Jim, and promise not to give it to him till you reach Inyati.' (which is some hundred miles off).

"'Yes,' said he.

"So I took a scrap of paper, and wrote on it, 'Let him who comes . . . climb the snow of Sheba's left breast, till he comes to the nipple, on the north side of which is Solomon's great road.'

"'Now, Jim,' I said 'when you give this to your master, tell him he had better follow the advice implicitly. You are not to give it to him now, because I don't want him back asking me questions which I wont answer. Now, be off, you idle fellow, the wagon is nearly out of sight.'

"Jim took the note and went, and that is all I know about your brother, Sir Henry; but am afraid—

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, "I am going to trace him to Suliman's Mountains, and over them if necessary till I find him, or till I know that he is dead. Will you come with me?"

I am, as I think I have said, a cautious man, indeed a timid one, and I shrunk from the idea. It seemed to me that to start on such a journey would be certain death, and putting other things aside, as I had a son to support, I could not afford to die just then.

"No, thank you, Sir Henry, I think I had rather not," I answered. "I am too old for a wild-goose chase of that sort, and we should only end up like my poor friend Silvestre. I have a son dependent on me, so cannot afford to risk my life."

Both Sir Henry and Captain Good look very disappointed.

"Mr. Quatermain," said the former, 'I am well off, and I am bent upon this business. You may put the remuneration for your services at whatever figure you like in reason, and it shall be paid over to you before we start. Moreover, I will, before we start, arrange that in the event of anything happening to us or to you, that your son shall be suitably provided for. You will see from this how necessary I think your presence. Also if by any chance we should reach this place, and find diamonds, they shall belong to you and Good equally. I do not want them. But of course the chance is as good as nothing, though the same thing would apply to any ivory we might get. You may pretty well make your own terms with me, Mr Quatermain, and of course I shall pay all expenses."

"Sir Henry," said I, "this is the most liberal offer I ever had, and one not to be sneezed at by a poor hunter and trader. But the job is the biggest I ever came across, and I must take time to think it over. I will give you my answer before we get to Durban."

"Very good," answered Sir Henry, and then I said good-night and turned in, and dreamed about poor long-dead Silvestre and the diamonds.

Continued next week.

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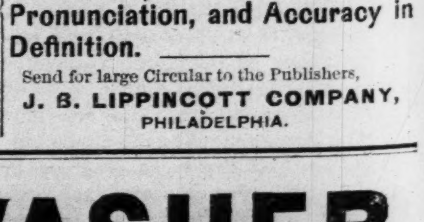

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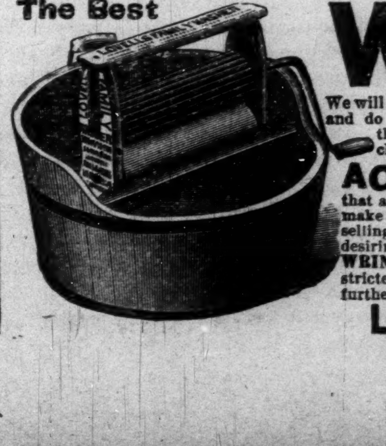

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AGENTS WANTED in every county. We can show proof that agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

SLEEP.

You may some day do a deed
To strike you from the list which Slumber keeps
Of those it loves,
Go not to doctors then;
Nor send witch-women to the fields for herbs;
But find where children haunt and there unman,
And with them laugh and play, and when at last
They lay them down to rest, do you the same.
Then Innocence, which keeps the golden key
Of sleep, and waits on them, will wait on you.

Harper's Magazine.

THE HAYTIEN WAR.

The Events That Led Up to the Overthrow of Gen. Salomon.

Harper's Weekly.

About the middle of the month of April of the current year, Gen. Salomon being seriously ill at the time, his Secretary, Stephen Lafontant, sent a cablegram via E. D. Basset, Consul General of Hayti at New York, to Mr. Francois S. Manigat, formerly Minister of the Interior, and then living in quasi exile in France. General Salomon, who was a man of a very suspicious nature, had taken umbrage at the self-assertiveness of General Manigat, as well as his efforts to secure for himself the Chief Magistracy, which he hoped to do in the event of Salomon's death, or even before that, should circumstances favor his plans. Young, active, and daring, Manigat, who, during the revolution of 1883, had forced the town of Jacmel to capitulate after a siege of six months, was considered by the "ultra-national" party as the successor of Salomon, whose protege he was. He was hated and feared at once by the better class of Hatians, who could not forget his cruelty in having put to death forty-five of the most notable citizens of Jacmel after the capitulation of that town, violating the conditions of the surrender; his immorality, his arrogance, and the disgraceful means by which he had acquired his fortune. Manigat, in leaving Hayti for Paris, had confided his political interests to Salomon's secretary.

The latter, Mr. Stephen Lafontant, had succeeded so well in allaying General Salomon's suspicions that Manigat, on his return to Hayti, some ten months later, was received with open arms by the President. Salomon, feeling that his death was near, and desirous of placing some one in power who would continue his policy, caused the report to be secretly spread that it would not be long before he abdicated in favor of Manigat. General Salomon, after governing Hayti for nine years as absolute autocrat, had come to believe—"Quos perdere vult Jupiter dement"—that the country was his plaything, and that he had the right to dispose of it according to his caprice; he forgot that the country was no longer under the Emperor Soulouque's reign, but a republic. But after a nine years' reign of terror and the suppression of the rebellion of 1883, he believed that the country would ratify any and every one of his acts. Salomon deceived himself, however, for from the day of Manigat's return discontent became general. The people grouped themselves around General Francois Denis Legitime, a Senator and ex-Cabinet Minister. In spite of all the pressure that was brought to bear on him to induce him to head a revolution against Salomon, he persistently refused, preaching patience, and reform only by the ballot. Nevertheless discontent at Salomon's rule was universal and deeply rooted. On the 24th of May last the population of Port-au-Prince determined to take up arms against Salomon. Rumors of this reaching the President, a detachment of soldiers was sent to surround Legitime's house, whose death was now resolved upon.

Salomon, however, was prevailed upon by the diplomatic corps to spare Legitime's life, but he decreed his banishment. At the same time, for reasons known only to himself, he also banished General Manigat. From that date public indignation could no longer be restrained. It was now determined that a limit must be set to Salomon's terrorism. On the 4th of July a vast conflagration visited the capital, and several thousand people were rendered homeless. This was quickly followed by a second one on the 7th of the same month, which reduced several thousand persons more to destitution.

The object of these incendiaries was to sustain the candidacy of General Manigat, whose followers, men of the worst stamp, did not hesitate to take even such means as these to compass their ends. The indignant citizens called upon General Boisrond-Canal, an ex-President of the Republic, to protect the city against a recurrence of these crimes. With this object in view he entered the city on July 8. From this time forth he constituted himself the leader of the various secret committees which, since the 24th of May, had been planning means of protecting themselves against further outrage by an unprincipled government. It must be borne in mind that the press had been muzzled.

With Boisrond-Canal at the helm, the entire country was ripe for revolution. Salomon, convinced of this fact, had determined to abdicate in favor of General Seide Thelemacque, who governed the northern district, (Cape Hayti). Thelemacque, realizing that Salomon's power was at an end, wisely decided not to accept the chief magistracy at his hands, but to claim it by force of arms. Therefore, aware of the progress of the revolution at the capital, he took up arms at Cape Hayti on the 5th of August last against the government.

General Salomon, as soon as the news of the rebellion reached Port-au-Prince, issued a proclamation declaring the town of Cape Hayti under martial law, branding General Thelemacque as a traitor and a rebel, and outlawing him. On the same day General Anselme Prophete sailed from Port au-Prince on board of the man-of-war Dessalines with orders to attack General Thelemacque; out realizing that the forces under his command were not sufficient for such an enterprise, and thoroughly disgusted with the Salomon administration, he returned to Port-au-Prince on the 9th. It was then that Salomon called to his assistance General Prophete and General Herard Laforest, the Military Governor of Port-au-Prince, who, until then, had remained faithful to him, while his influence had also helped to keep in check the threatened outbreak at the capital. Salomon laid before them his plan for resisting the rebels. This plan was simply to reduce the capital to ashes, to call in the worst element of the peasant population, and deliver to their tender mercies such of the citizens of Port-au-Prince as were not completely devoted to him. This barbarous plan of Salomon completely and finally alienated the fidelity of these two generals, who thus far had been his devoted lieutenants.

On the morning of the tenth of August General Boisrond-Canal took possession of the arron-dissement of Port-au-Prince, while his brother took possession of the northern quarter of the town. The entire population took up arms, and surrounded Salomon's palace, and compelled him to leave the country. On the same day Boisrond-Canal issued a decree deposing him for having violated the constitution, and for being a traitor to his country.

During this time General Thelemacque had caused himself to be proclaimed chief of the revolutionary forces, and was marching on Port-au-Prince to claim the Presidency, The friends of General Legitime decided that his presence at the capital was necessary, and brought him back from Jamaica. The enthusiasm with which the population of Port au-Prince met him on his landing defies description.

A few days later General Thelemacque entered the capital at the head of some ten thousand troops, and on the following day a provisional government was formed, with Boisrond-Canal as President, General Thelemacque having charge of the War and Navy Department; General F. D. Legitime, the department of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship; M. Archin, the Interior Department; F. Gelan Hippelyte, of Police and Public Safety; U. St. Armand, the Department of Finance, and M. Claude, the Department of Public Instruction. General Herard Laforest was retained as Military Governor and General Prophete was put in charge of the national palace.

At the time of the formation of the provisional government it was also decree that a Constituent Assembly should be elected, to be convened on or about the tenth of October. This was to consist of eighty-four members, who were to elect a President for the Republic and to revise the Constitution. The adherants of the last administration made a desperate struggle to secure the election of Thelemacque as President. The final election returns were received on the twenty-eighth. General Thelemacque had been defected, Legitime receiving a majority of the votes of the members of the Constituent Assembly. The disappointment of Thelemacque and his partisans knew no bounds, and resulted in the fatal conflict of the night on which Thélemacque lost his life (Sept. 28).

Distress in East Africa.

New York Sun.

We hardly realize at this distance the anxiety and suffering into which many hundreds of innocent people have been suddenly plunged by the war and blockade in East Africa. The missionaries at about twenty stations, some of them 150 miles inland, have been compelled to abandon the schools and industries they have spent years in upbuilding, and flee to Zanzibar with their families. There is a deeply pathetic side to this sudden suspension of all humane and civilizing enterprises that have been really thriving in East Africa. When we read that the Germans have bombarded Bagamoyo we wonder what has become of the large establishment there of the Roman Catholic Fathers, who have had constantly in their charge several hundred friendless black boys and girls, many of them redeemed slaves brought from the far interior, all of whom have been taught to read and labor. Complete anarchy now prevails in a region where trade and industry had made considerable progress. Nothing but a speedy suppression of the Arab revolt will save East Africa from the deepest distresss, for at present the natives over a large area are too terror-stricken even to put in their usual crops.

The old oak tree at Waltham, which so excellent authority as professor Alexander Aggasis said was 700 years of age has been cut down. It has been dead for some time and stood in the path of modern improvement. Part of the venerable tree will be preserved in the library.

A "HUSTLING" BISHOP.

Description of the Life of Men Who Go West to Preach.

Buffalo Commercial.

An earnest, smooth-faced, handsome man was introduced to the congregation of Trinity Church yesterday morning as the Bishop of Idaho and Wyoming. Dr. Lobdell said that the bishop was not on a begging tour, but what he had to say should be remembered with reference to a "collection to be taken up" next month.

Without ado or circumlocution the Bishop pitched right in and told his hearers just what work a "Far West" Bishop has to do. He amusingly said that he sometimes felt sorry for bishops in the Eastern States, who had such small dioceses to look after. Now, he has a diocese to look after as large in area as New York, all of New England and three or four Southern States thrown in, and there is some spur to a man in his work when he has to ride 1,500 miles from one point to another. Some of the Bishop's stories were very entertaining, enlisting the earnest attention of every person, even to the smallest child. He related that on one occasion he went to a mining town in which nearly all the public buildings were saloons and rather an unpromising place to "hold meetings." He went onto the street; his clerical garb betrayed him, and almost every man he tried to meet slipped into a saloon. So the Bishop finally decided to follow the men into the saloons, and did so. The proprietor received him courteously and called out: "Boys, stay your game for a while; drop your caps, the parson wants to speak to you." Introductions followed, the Bishop stated his desire to hold services. He was immediately promised that the best hall in the place should be opened for him. That night the room was packed, and after the meeting resolutions were passed that led to the building of a church, of a parsonage, and the pledging of a handsome salary to a regular minister.

On another occasion the Bishop asked at a saloon in a town, where a minister had never been seen, for a Mr. Robinson. "What, Billy Robinson," says the saloon-keeper; "why, I have busted broncos for him for years." He then offered the Bishop a bronco and rode with him to a "ranch" three miles away, found "Billy," and then started to "round up the boys for a meeting in the evening." The Bishop asked him if he could sing. "Sing," says the man, "may I ask how you came to ask that; why, Bishop, I am a daisy on the sing; can play the melodeon and fiddle; why I am an artist." The Bishop, laughing, asked him to try and get up some music for the evening. The result was that the Bishop found a dozen men assembled ready to sing some Moody and Sankey hymns, and never had he heard better music. There also a permanent and flourishing church was founded.

Bishop Talbot said that even these rough men of the mining camps are anxious for churches and schools, provided that the right men are sent; they will not offer a permanent salary to any minister till they have had a chance to "size him up," but if, they find he "fills the bill" then they will "stand by him." But they want a "regular hustler."

We wish we could give more space to one of the most eloquent sermons that has been heard in Buffalo for year—a sermon bold, unique, straightout, every word of which told.

But Would It?

Washington special.

During the debate Colonel Oates, of Alabama, indulged in some sensational war talk. He stated that, while not very well posted on all of the details of the bill, he favored it, and advanced the very original reason for it that possibly the United States government's deep interest in the Nicaragua canal might involve it with some foreign power in war. Colonel Oates took the ground that a foreign war would be a real blessing to this country. "That is," said he, "a war that would not be too expensive. Not until the North and South have joined hand in hand, and on a common field of battle have resisted a common foe, will the talk of sectionalism cease. If there should be a lively foreign war, the firm bond of union which would thereby be established would be well worth the expense and the outlay of treasure and blood."

Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, chairman of the naval committee, stated that he shared the views of his colleague. He said that he courted complications with foreign nations. He followed out the same line of argument—that a foreign war would be a blessing in disguise. He too, said that not until the South, by her loyalty on the field of battle, fighting for the stars and stripes, had testified with her blood, if necessary, her devotion to the Union, would the past be forgotten by the North. The sentiments expressed by these men, both prominent ex-confederate officers, excited much surprise and comment.

Increased Lake Shipping.

The ship yards of the great lakes will exhibit active operations this winter, Fifty-nine new vessels are to be built. and eleven of them will be entirely of steel. They will cost $7,124,000, and they will add 100,950 gross tons to the carrying capacity of the commerce of the great lakes.

A TARIFF REFORM MEETING.

The annual banquet of the Massachusetts tariff reform league took place at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, Friday evening. The principal guest of the evening was U. S. Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild. Hon. W. E. Russell presided and in an opening speech said the gathering was not one of interested capitalists to rejoice over a political victory, but a gathering in the interests of the propagation of a great political economic reform. President Cleveland's letter was then read. It was as follows:

Messrs. Sherman Hoar and Others Committee:

GENTLEMEN—I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot be present at the annual dinner of the Massachusetts tariff reform league.

This is not merely a formal and common expression of regret. It truly indicates how much I should enjoy meeting the members of your league, and how glad I should be to express in person my appreciation of their important services to a cause to which I am earnestly attached, and to acknowledge at the same time their frequent and encouraging manifestations of personal friendliness. I know, too, that it would be profitable and advantageous to be even for a brief period within the inspiring influence of the atmosphere surrounding patriotic and unselfish men, banded together in the interest of their fellow-countrymen and devoted to the work of tariff reform.

This reform appears to be as far-reaching in its purposes as the destiny of our country, and as broad in its beneficence as the welfare of our entire people. It is because the efforts of its advocates are not discredited by any sordid motives that they are able boldly and confidently to attack the strongholds of selfishness and greed. Our institutions were constructed in purity of purpose and love for humanity. Their operation is adjusted to the touch of national virtue and patriotism, and their results under such guidance must be the prosperity and happiness of our people; and so long as the advocates of tariff reform appreciate the sentiment in which our institutions had their origin; so long as they apprehend the forces which alone can guide their operation; so long as they, in a spirit of true patriotism, are consecrated to the service of their country, temporary defeat brings no discouragement. It but proves the stubbornness of the forces of combined selfishness, and discloses how far the people have been led astray, and how great is the necessity of redoubled efforts in their behalf. To lose faith in the intelligence of the people is a surrender and an abandonment of the struggle. To arouse their intelligence and free it from darkness and delusion gives assurance of speedy and complete victory.

In the track of reform are often found dead hopes of pioneers and the despair of those who fall in the march. But there will be neither despair nor dead hopes in the path of tariff reform, nor shall its pioneers fail to reach the heights. Holding fast to their faith and rejecting every alluring overturn and every deceptive compromise which would betray their sacred trust, they themselves shall regain and restore the patrimony of their countrymen, freed from the trespass of grasping encroachment and safety secured by the genius of American justice and equity. Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The letter was received with cheers and the health of the President was drank. Secretary Fairchild and others made speeches.

LONDON'S LATEST SENSATION.

The mutilated body of a boy was found in an outhouse at Bradford Saturday morning. It was recognized as that of John Gill, eight years of age, who when last seen alive was sliding on the ice with some companions. The boy had been brutally murdered. His legs and arms had been chopped off in a rough manner and tied to his body, his ears had been cut off and there were two stab wounds in his chest and his heart and his entrals had been torn out. The remains, when found, were wrapped in a rough covering. The police believe, from the clumsy manner in which the body was mutilated, that the crime was the work of drunken lads whose imagination had been inflamed by reading accounts of Whitechapel atrocities. It is supposed the murder and butchery were committed in some other place and the remains afterwards carried by the perpetrators to the outhouse in which they were found. The crime has created the greatest excitement at Bradford. The police have not as yet found any trace of the murderers.

A milkman has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the crime. The murdered boy had occasionally accompanied him on his rounds. The prisoner was the first to recognize the remains. It is certain that the body was placed in the outhouse between the hours of 4 and 6 in the morning.

Scarcely had the people begun to recover from the shock of the first than they were horrified by the report of another boy murder. The body of the second boy was horribly mutilated. It was found at Kilwich near Keighley. no clew to the murderer in either case has been found. The police are searching the country around and are assisted by volunteer parties. All the railway stations are being watched.

A SPANISH INDIGNITY.

The brigantine Josefa, which arrived at Philadelphia, Tuesday from Montego Bay, Jamacia, brings news of an outrage suffered by that vessel at the hands of the Spanish Government. While discharging her cargo on her outward trip from New York to Arroyo, Port Rico, the Spanish custom officials discovered that twenty packages of corn starch, which were marked on the vessel's manifest, were missing. After extended search the goods could not be found, and the vessel was seized by the Spanish authorities, who held her until a fine of $4,000 was paid, although the value of the goods in question did not exceed $20. The master and crew were forced to suffer many indignities at the hands of the Governor of the Island and officials acting under his authority. The authorities offered to settle the matter if the Captain of the vessel could satisfactorily explain the whereabouts of the missing packages. After the fine had been paid, it was ascertained that the missing goods were delivered by mistake on board the ship Josephus, which lay next to the Josefa in New York, but were placed on the Josefa's manifest. Explanations were made to the Spanish authorities, and the return of the fine was requested, but was refused, and the vessel left Port Rico to load cargo elsewhere for Philadelphia. James Brett, of New York, managing owner of the Josefa, has filed a complaint against the Spanish Government with Secretary Bayard, and asked that his immediate attention shall be given to the matter. It will be urged that the war ships Galena and Yantic shall be orderded to continue their cruise to Port Rico and summarily secure redress for the imposition suffered by the Josefa.

DISMISSED IN DISGRACE.

H. C. C. Astwood, for six years past the United States Consul at San Domingo, has been dismissed in disgrace from his position. The information leaked out at the Treasury Department Friday where an order has been recently issued to honor no more of Astwood's drafts for salary or allowance. Astwood was appointed to his present position from Illinois, and one of his indorsers was the late Senator John A. Logan. He was dismissed it is learned, for retaining possession of money intrusted to his keeping. About three years ago a young New Yorker named J. J. Platt, who was engaged in business in San Domingo, was killed by a detachment of native soldiery. The defense was that the killing was accidental, and that the soldiers mistook Mr. Platt for a noted insurgent who was fleeing from justice. After some delay, however, the San Domingo Government agreed to pay the wife of the murdered man an indemnity of $23,000 in money by installments. The San Domingo authorities paid the money through Consul Astwood, who forwarded it to Mrs. Platt, New York City. It is alleged as the reason for Astwood's dismissal that he has made no returns to Mrs. Platt for a number of months past beyond sending her his personal drafts, which are said to have been worthless. The State Department, after endeavoring to secure a settlement for some time, decided to remove Astwood, and the order to that effect was telegraphed to him a week ago.

AFFAIRS IN SAMOA.

The New York Herald's Washington special says: "At the Navy Department, Thursday, it was evident that there was something in the recent advices received from the seat of war in Samoa that was not looked upon with favor by our government. The hurrying up of the work on the Vandalia and Mohican at the Mare Island navy-yard, so that they will be able to leave the yard next week, in spite of the reduced appropriation, is evidence that our government contemplates taking action. It is known among navy people that the Dolphin, now on her way around the world, has orders to stop at Apia, and a cipher dispatch was sent to her commanding officer, Monday, to Acapulco, Mexico, where the ship stopped for coal to proceed to Samoa without delay. State Department officials are reticent when approached on the subject, but enough has been ascertained to warrant the opinion that President Cleveland and his advisers think that Germany is going a trifle too far. The proclamation of the German consul instructing all German citizens to pay their taxes to him in trust for the Island of Samoa instead of the representatives of the King of Samoa would indicate that the condition of affairs there was getting to be a serious matter.

Mrs. Jay Gould's Fortune.

Clara Belle in Philadelphia Press.

Jay Gould's wife, whose all but fatal illness has brought her out of her accustomed privacy into public consideration, was comparatively rich when she married. Her name was Martin, she was the heiress of a rich grocer, and upon going into wedlock she was the possessor of something like $80,000. That was just about the time of Jay Gould's first operations in this city. The history of her fortune, here told imperfectly, but for the first time, is blended with her husband's colossal accumulations and yet is separate. Mrs. Gould lent her $80,000 to her husband, and he used it in the beginning of his career of prosperity. For a while the outlook was not good for repayment. Gould calculated his chances carefully and his ventures turned out productively at length, but at first it seemed as though he would lose every dollar. Indeed, it was not until he fell in with Jim Fisk, and they together captured the Erie Railway, that his wife's thousands began to multiply themselves. That was the capital with which he worked at the outset. As soon as he could do so he separated her property from his own, and carried it along in separate investments, altogether with her assent, and generally at her direction. She followed his lead, as a rule, though at times she indulged her own fancy or judgment. Thus her wealth grew along with his until three years ago, when she demanded an accounting from him. She jocosely declared that she wouldn't trust him any longer, and that she meant to retire from Wall street to set him a good example, if for nothing else. Gould had his bookkeepers figure up his wife's interest exactly, and took all of her stocks, bonds and other securities off her hands at their market value. The yield of this to her was over $2,000,000. She invested the money in Government bonds and other securities of undoubted solidity. That is her personal fortune, and the understanding of her intimate friends is that she will devise it at her death to her daughters.

The New South.

The town of Bessemer, Ala., was laid out in April, 1887, and in September, 1888, it had a population of 3,500; Roanoke, Va., with 400 people in 1881, counted 12,000 in 1888; Decatur, Ala., with 1,500 people in March, 1887, reported 7,000 in July, 1888. Sheffield, Ala., with 700, Jan. 1, 2887, reached 3,500 in August, 1888, while Dallas, Tex., had 10,500 in 1880, and in 1888 comes up with 49,500. These are only a few samples of what the new South is doing.

A BLOODY RIOT.

A bloody battle between whites and blacks is reported as having taken place at Tackett's Mills, in Stafford county, Va. The conflict occurred during a political discussion. A few of the whites and all of the colored men at the meeting contended that Stafford county was preeminently Republican. The remaining whites championed the Democratic party and said that Democracy was the creed of Stafford. This led to a wrangle between a white man named Bennett Hiflen and a colored man. Both indulged in personalities and ended with a fight. A general riot was the result. Hiflen was shot and killed. His colored enemy was shot, but lived for several minutes. Twenty people were dangerously wounded. Whites predominate in that section of Stafford county. and for the most part are Democratic in politics. Every effort will be made to punish the guilty parties and prevent further trouble.

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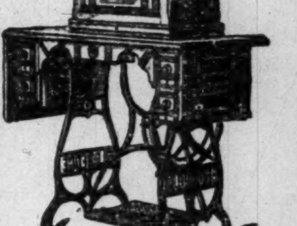

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COLOR CASTE IN THE THEATER.

INTELLIGENT COLORED MAN (*to ticket seller in Opera House, politely*)—I want two good seats in the parquette circle, if you please.

TICKET SELLER (*indifferently,*)—All sold!

SEEDY IRISHMAN (*in roughest brogue,*)—Have yez any sates left in the pairquat, sor?

TICKET SELLER (*cheerfully,*)—Plenty of them, sir. How many do you want?

THE NEW SOUTH.

EASTERN TENNESSEE IN GENERAL AND CHATTANOOGA IN PARTICULAR.

THE RACE PROBLEM SOLVED.

Tolerance in Politics, Progress in Education and Liberality in Religion.

John J. Irvine, the Colored Inventor and Clerk of the Circuit Court of Chattanooga.

Chattanooga! The name looks queer, and in many respects this is a queer city. It is located on the Tennessee river, near the line of three great States. It is the commercial, manufacturing and railway center of the section. Surrounded with mountains rich in coal, iron, copper, lead, zinc, marble and limestone; the heart of a fine timbered section; famed in song and story; the stage upon which was fought bloody and decisive battles; rising phœnix-like from the ruins of a devastating war—Chattanooga has gained the position of the industrial center of the revived New South.

It is, in its instincts, disposition and character a northern city in a southern clime. It is without the shadow of "sectionalism." In the fiery heat of our political campaigns political rancor does not burn as intensely as even in Indianapolis. The people are here tolerant of each other's views, religious and political.

In 1865, here and there on miry, crooked cow-paths, stood sprawling, hastily constructed log and board cabins. Not a respectable building in the city. No schools, almost destitute of churches. No money, credit or respectability. Amid the shot and shell of fierce battle was born our city.

Now, drive down on streets paved with asphalt: long rows of stores, warehouses, steeples rising from churches as tasty and commodious as any in the country, houses of learning almost palatial in their appointments; visit our thousand of mills, factories and furnaces employing $7,000,000 capital and 5,600 employes; see the largest tannery in the world; be almost stifled with the smoke from the tall chimneys of our factories; and to know that in the city and its suburbs live and thrive 40,000 people; is to get an idea of the phenomenal growth of the "Plucky City."

It is not now expedient to give even a hasty outline of our city. I will give a line to certain phases of Chattanooga life that affect our people.

This is the freest, most liberal and encouraging city for the colored man that I know of. He is here given a white man's chance. All influences aid him in reaching a higher plane. In religion, which comes like manna, his impress is felt. We have several churches, most of which our white friends have assisted in building. We have one Congregational church, representing with its liberal and cultured minister a high standard of character and intelligence. The Shiloh Baptist church, now nearly completed, is an exponent of the growth, material and spiritual, of our people Erected at a cost of $45,000, it compares favorably with any church in the city. But what is remarkable, they owe scarcely anything on their building. The colored Methodist church—the Wiley Memorial—is now building, and will cost $35,000. Around churches and schools our social life centers. We have two school buildings of twelve rooms each. Both excel anything in the same line in your city.

We have half a score of colored men who, we may safely say, are wealthy. We have colored men who own seven and eight houses; we have colored men who own near the city 300 to 500 acres of land; we have colored men who own bank stock; we can name more than fifteen who pay a property tax on more than $5,000.

But in politics colored men here make the best showing. In State and National elections the political lines are closely drawn, but in city elections the prevailing sentiment is, "Chattanooga first, party last." In our city we have a Republican majority of from 500 up to 2,200. In the Republican party the colored man is the majority of the vote. He uses his strength well. He is not aggressively assertive, but with his white allies votes to the interests of the city and county. Among the white Republicans are men north and south-born, but almost without prejudice and disposed to do the fair thing. Among our white leaders, the man from Boston clasps the hand of the man from Jackson, Miss., and both respect the colored man who respects himself. As has been said, the gates of Janus are here closed and hermetically sealed.

We have colored members of the Legislature; colored deputy sheriffs. We have colored aldermen, colored men members of the Board of Public Improvements, colored men who build our sewers and boss our street improvements. We will have colored firemen. We did have a majority of the police force. We have colored Justices who try cases; colored lawyers who plead in all our courts; colored constables, and a number of colored men who occupy minor political offices.

Colored men have not much to complain of in their treatment, politically. He comes before our conventions, takes his chances like a white man. He "runs" for mayor, he "runs" for sheriff; he offers his name for the highest and best offices in our county. He is rated according to his worth, ability and respectability.

JOHN J. IRVINE, THE INVENTOR.

This introduces me to the subject of our sketch, John J. Irvine, who three years ago was elected clerk of our Circuit Court. This court does the civil and criminal business of the county. We are proud to say that Clerk Irvine, in the conduct of his office, has won golden opinions from men of both colors and of all shades of political opinion. Our white papers at divers times have complimented him. Embarrassed at the outset with the predictions of captious critics, he went in to succeed. At our last term of court the Attorney General and the Judge publicly complimented Mr. Irvine, and demonstrated that by his superior work he was saving the county thousands of dollars annually. By wise investments he has, too, placed himself in a good financial condition. Before his election as clerk he had filled several minor positions with credit to himself and race. He is a self-made man, and not at all proud of the job. He has not lost his head with his success. He is modest in language and conduct, and has the confidence and respect of the business men, lawyers, and of a wide circle of friends.

We have long held the opinion that the elevation of one colored man stops not with his success but spreads itself over much territory. This is verified in the case of Mr. Irvine. Liberal almost to a fault, it is impossible to estimate in how many directions his position and influence has done good for his race. The distressed, the unfortunate, the needy go not empty handed from him. Prominent as a freemason his influence is widely felt. In church and our social life he gives a impetus that is beneficial. In politics his advice is sought and he holds a prominent and active place, but his fortune is yet in embrio. On June 24, 1884 was patented an instrument known as the "Excelsior Oil Cup." It was something long needed by our locomotives, stationary and portable engines, shafting and spendles. It supplies all the lubrication necessary at a saving of 75 per cent. We have seen testimonials from leading railroads testifying to its worth. The Master Mechanics and Engineers of the Cincinnati, Texas and New Orleans railroad; the Alabama Great Southern and the Cincinnati Southern; the "Queen and Crescent" railroads are loud in its priase. One gentleman prominent in railroad circles who has managed locomotives in America for twenty-five years and in Europe for ten years says it is the best lubricator now on the market. At the present, the Tennessee Iron Fence and Screw Company are manufacturing and placing on the market the oil cup and have their hands full in supplying their orders.

Mr. J. J. Irvine has a laudable ambition though owning a big share in a prominent manufactory he is anxious to organize a company of colored men to control and manufacture this and other articles. Mr. Irvine has a good thing and is going to work it for all it is worth. The success of his scheme is flattering. This short sketch of a successful man carries its moral. His achivements demand respect, this shows what men of our race can do in this atmosphere that conduces to envelope all that is best and grandest in man.

EDWIN F. HORN.

THE eminent jurist, Theodore Dwight, has discussed in Political Science Quarterly the legality of trusts. The argument is complete and exhausting. No man living is more capable of handling this question which now agitates the country. He concludes that "trusts" are lawful, as legitimate modes whereby producers may regulate prices, and that neither States nor Congress can legislate to suppress a partnership having no illegal purpose. The close of his argument rises to the height of eloquence, illumined with his remarkable store of knowledge. Conspiracy against the world is impossible. Trusts, as a rule, are not dangerous. The right of association is the child of freedom of trade. We have been engaged for a hundred years both in abrogating restrictive laws and in overcoming obstacles to trade. Legislation in the opposite direction will be supremely mischievous. Such is his view of the case.

A COLORED EDISON.

A Man Who Will Make Himself Famous.

Granville T. Woods is the smartest colored man in Ohio. He is an inventor who will some day make Edison look to his laurels. Never a day passes but that he invents something new, and his only pleasure is to experiment in electricity and applied mechanics.

"I have a telephone," said he, "that can be used on a circuit from here to San Francisco, and at that distance it will convey the human voice as well as the Bell telephone does for a mile."

But the most notable of Mr. Woods' inventions is a plan for telegraphing from one moving train to another. When a railroad engineer he thought out this device. Afterwards the same thing was discovered by Riley Smith and Edison perfected it, but Woods was the first in the field and he has successfully established his claim in the courts.

Many of these inventions are of the utmost practical value. And Mr. Woods has capital and good men to back him. Recently a company was formed to push his inventions. The Directors of the company are L. C. Weir, Ralph Peters, F. X. Reno, John A. Gano, Chas. F. Hesser. George Fisher and Woods himself.

THE TRAMP.

I wait for the train: the night—oh how cold—
My clothes are all tattered, my shoes thin and old.
The prospect around me is lonesome and bleak,
And my teeth chatter so that I scarcely can speak.
I start at each sound, and my heart's beating fast—
I conjure up ghosts from the aisles of the past.
And I shiver and hark for the rumble and clack
Of swift-speeding wheels on the cold rusty track,
Oh bitter the night and my thoughts while I wait
Alone at this curve for the friendly way-freight!

The river out yonder—so silvery and calm—
Would give me a shelter nor ask who I am;
And, may be, when come to the City of Gold,
Where justice is tempered with mercy (I'm told),
Some angel would stand at my Judgment and plead
A kindly word said or a generous deed
Some long years ago ere I swerved from the right
And took the hard path that I'm treading to-night?
But mother's last words were "Be honest and brave"—
The coward alone seeks a suicide's grave!
So I pray for forgiveness, and praying I wait
At this bleak, lonely curve for the friendly way freight.

—[Eugene Field.

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REV. JAMES M. TOWNSEND.

The Biography of a Remarkable man of Richmond, Ind.

James Matthew Townsend, D. D., was born in Gallipolis, Ohio, August 18, 1841. He was the only son of William and Mary Ann Townsend, who were members of the A. M. E. Church. From early childhood young Townsend received the most careful religious and moral training at the hands of his parents. At the age of twelve he professed religion and united with the A. M. E. church, under the pastorate of that great and good man, Rev. John Turner. He had the advantage of a common school education, and being inclined to habits of reading and thought, thus laid the foundation of future usefulness by years of careful study and research.

At the age of sixteen he was licensed for an exhorter, and two years later a local preacher. At the beginning of the rebellion he had a strong conviction that the war would result in the emancipation of his race, and therefore sought the earliest opportunity to take up arms in defense of the Union and freedom. He enlisted in the Fifty-fourth Massachussetts volunteers—the first colored regiment to enter the service—and remained on the field until the close of the war in 1865. On returning home he attended Oberlin College for two years, during which time his father died leaving him the care of the family. He secured, through the recommendation of friends, a commission from the American Missionary Board, and subsequently an appointment as principal of the colored schools of Evansville, Indiana, which position he held four years. During this time he continued his studies, and in 1871 he was ordained deacon by Bishop A. W. Wayman. In December of this year he was married to Cornelia A, daughter of Josiah and Nancy Settle. June 1872, he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Richmond, Indiana. After serving two years he was ordained elder by Bishop Wayman. In 1874 he was appointed to Terre Haute, Indiana. In 1876 he was elected to the general conference and was elected assistant secretary of the same. In August of the same year he was appointed to Bethel station, Indianapolis, and served two years. While here he was elected by the General Missionary Board, which met in Baltimore, Maryland, as corresponding secretary of the Parent Home Foreign Missionary Society. He was elected by acclamation by the general conference in 1880 to the same office, which position he now holds.

He was also elected as one of the commissioners on "Organic Union," and a delegate to the Ecumenical conference held in London, England. In June of 1883 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Wilberforce University. His name is prominently mentioned in all the advanced movements of his church, educationally and otherwise; and not infrequently has he been called on to participate in the public affairs of his race.

Dr. Townsend is a man of indomitable will and energy that knows no such word as fail. He has the capacity to organize, and he can execute that which he organizes. This is shown in his plan of securing an iron church for Hayti. He went to the Episcopal church mission house; they knew nothing of it; then he went to the Methodist; they could not inform him where to get one. An ordinary man would have given up and said: "If these large mission boards can give no information, I need seek no further." And he wrote to England and there received the information needed, and eventually contracted for the church, went to London, inspected, and paid for and shipped the iron church. This iron structure in Hayti will stand as a monument to the love of the A. M. E. church for the race, and will be the crystallization of the faith of the church in the possibilities of the race. It will be a shaft of beauty, exemplifying at the same time the energy, tact, skill and devotion to the mission cause—the last and greatest of the missionary societies of the A. M. E. church.

I cannot omit the political career of Rev. J. M. Townsend, for his position in Indiana politics is unique, isolated and particularly eminent; for his townmen are justly proud of him and the honorable manner in which he has borne himself. While a lover of his race, he was to moderate in his dealings with all men that he was able to secure the votes of both the white and colored members of the party, and to take off the sharp edge of Democratic spleen.

In the fall election of Wayne county, Indiana, in 1884 he was nominated and elected to the Legislature of his State, and was a very devoted number.

Once in the Legislature, he was never forgetful of his burdened people, so he introduced a bill to wipe out the "Black Laws."

The bill was not passed, but another was, when he had returned home filled with honor, the admiration of his associates and the gratitude of the Negro race.

REV. W. J. SIMMONS,
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